

ASPINALL'S

A LADY IN "THE QUEEN" SAYS—

I FIND ASPINALL'S GOLD PAINT THE BEST. It is rather more troublesome to use, as the powder is in one bottle and the liquid in another, but it retains its colour far better than any of those made up in one bottle, and is more like gold leaf than any that I have tried.

ENAMEL.

ONE PENNY. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

The People.

A Weekly Newspaper for All Classes.

LONDON, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1891.

MILFORD LANE } STRAND.—No. 532

SEE THAT YOU GET
AN EIGHT-PAGE
SUPPLEMENT
GRATIS THIS WEEK.

THIRD EDITION.
"THE PEOPLE" OFFICE,
Saturday Evening.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM.)
RIOT IN THE WEST
INDIES.

ATTACK ON A BRITISH OFFICER.

New York, December 18.—The following telegram from Port of Spain, Trinidad, is published by the Herald:—"There has been a riot in the Island of St. Vincent, owing to the attempt of the Government to pass a law providing for the reduction of the number of the judges of the appeal court from four to three. The people protested against the proposed measure, but the British Colonial Office directed the Government to carry through that law. When the governor arrived from Grenada, the people followed him, shouting and hooting, causing him to take refuge in the Government office. Her Majesty's sloop *Buzzard* was summoned from Barbadoes, and arrived shortly afterwards at Kingstown, the capital of St. Vincent. Commander Browne went on shore, when a crowd of 600 people surrounded his carriage and began to throw stones. Commander Browne was struck and wounded by the missiles, and the carriage was damaged. After the commander had reached the Government offices the crowd paraded the streets, and threw stones at the house, several persons inside being injured. Affairs became so threatening that it was found necessary to land thirty marines. They succeeded in clearing the street, but on Commander Browne leaving the Government Office in the evening he was again attacked by a furious crowd, and bloodshed would surely have occurred if seventy seamen, with a Nordfeldt gun, had not arrived and restored order. The Governor ultimately summoned the Legislative Council, and introduced the measure, which was passed by the vote of the official majority against the unanimous vote of the unofficial members."

NEW SOUTH WALES TARIFFS.

Sydney, December 19.—After sitting thirty-six hours, the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales has voted the tariff proposals of the Government by fifty votes against three. The Opposition refused to vote, and walked out of the house. Several disorderly scenes occurred during the sitting, and the closure had to be appealed. The Assembly subsequently adjourned until Monday next.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

New York, December 19.—The Sun to-day publishes a despatch from Philadelphia, in which it says that it has been settled that an expedition is to be sent to Greenland for the relief of Lieutenant Peary and his party. Dr. Kelsey, who accompanied Lieutenant Peary on his exploring expedition but afterwards returned, has said that unless such an expedition, fully equipped for an Arctic season, were sent to his assistance, Lieutenant Peary and his companions would never reach the bounds of civilization.

CONSERVATISM IN CANADA.

Toronto, December 17.—The Hon. C. H. Tupper, Minister of Marine, addressed a large public meeting held here last night under the auspices of the Young Men's Conservative Association. He reviewed the political situation at considerable length and, referring to the agitation in favour of annexation with the United States, said that the grand question of national existence must be decided sooner or later. The basis of national existence was inter-provincial trade, the consolidation of interests, and the British connection. The question of annexation or independence was inconsistent with the rights and privileges of the British provinces. Referring to the relations with Newfoundland, the minister defended the action of the Dominion Government, which, at the demand of the Canadian fishermen, had simply enforced the existing law relating to that colony, which since 1890 had bullied and maltreated the Canadians. Mr. Tupper concluded with a fervent appeal to the young men of the country to support the policy of the Conservative party, whose aim was to preserve the integrity of the Empire and to build up a great Canadian nationality in close union with Great Britain and the other colonies. The address was received with great enthusiasm throughout.

ACCIDENT TO AN AMERICAN EXPRESS.

THREE KILLED, THIRTY INJURED.

New York, December 17.—A serious railway accident occurred on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railway at Lima, Ohio, yesterday. The train known as the Columbian express ran off the line and was wrecked, three of the passengers being killed, and thirty injured, four seriously.

(DALE'S TELEGRAM.)

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN.

Paris, December 19.—The Gaulois prints a letter from a Rome correspondent who states that before the late incidents, France was supported by the Vatican, but that now the position is changed. "The Vatican," he says, "is now cajoled by Austria, defended by the Italian Government and persecuted by the French Republic; and it is, therefore, improbable that the Pope retains his intention of appointing several French prelates as cardinals. The choice of the next conclave, therefore, will probably fall upon one who is inimical to France, as the majority of the cardinals are Italian. It is stated that the Vatican has already taken measures in view of the possible abolition of the concordat."

ACCIDENT IN A TUNNEL.

New York, December 19.—Four persons were killed in a railway collision which occurred yesterday in a tunnel on the Reading Railway at Shamokin, Pennsylvania.

(EXCHANGE COMPANY'S TELEGRAM.)

EXPULSION OF M. CHADBOURNE.

Paris, December 18.—A despatch from Sofia reports that Bulgaria has decided to

send a note to Germany, Austria, England, and Turkey explaining that M. Chadbourne, who was once secretary to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, had taken action detrimental to the Government, which thus led to his expulsion.

(CENTRAL NEWS TELEGRAM.)

UNITED STATES PRESIDENTIAL

ELECTION.

Washington, December 18.—The Post to-day says that Mr. Elkins visited Mr. Blaine before accepting the portfolio for war, and asked him what effect his appointment would have upon his (Mr. Blaine's) chance of being elected President in 1892. The Secretary of State replied, "Absolutely none, as I feel present that I shall not be a candidate. If, however, there should come to me from the Republican party an overwhelming expression, demanding that I should accept the nomination, I may feel constrained to put aside personal feelings and accept it."

CURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

Paris, December 18.—The *Éclair*, which is a strong supporter of the Republic as against the Church, gives prominence to-day to an article in which statistics are presented, showing that notwithstanding the completed expulsion of the Jesuits from France some years ago, great numbers of members of that indefatigable order of Catholic clergy have recently returned, and are now seriously prosecuting their work. The article, in view of the present strained relations between the Church and State in France, is causing considerable sensation, and several questions on the subject will be asked in the Chamber of Deputies.

MEQUEBEC CABINET DISSOLVED.

New York, December 17.—Telegrams from Quebec announce that Mr. Angers, the Lieutenant-Governor, has dissolved the Quebec Cabinet, and has summoned Mr. Lebeauville to form a new one. The reason for this step is stated to be the condemnation by the Royal Commission of the Bain des Chaleurs affair as being illegal and corrupt. It is believed that there will shortly be a general election. According to despatches sent by special correspondents to New York newspapers, great excitement exists in Quebec, and violence is feared. The partisans of Mr. Mercier are bitterly incensed against the Governor-general, Lord Stanley, and threaten to wreck his residence.

PACIFICATION OF CRETE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, December 17.—Measures are being taken by Mahmoud Pacha, the Governor of Crete, appointed in September for the pacification of the population. Among the more important schemes projected are the organisation of a well-equipped gendarmerie—two-thirds being native Christians and one-third Mussulmans—the suspension of the recently enacted penal laws, and the provision of a sufficient sum to secure the defence of those charged with certain offences, on the ground that the laws now infringed were excessive.

CHILI AND THE UNITED STATES.

New York, December 18.—The Valparaiso correspondent of the Herald says:—The Minister of Public Works, in his report to Congress, sustains the contention of the Junta that he has right to postentries in the streets adjacent to the American and Spanish legations, and also to place police in the same neighbourhood. The Spanish Minister sustains the attitude of his predecessors relative to the protection of refugees."

LATEST ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

MID-ARMAGH: RESULT.

On Thursday Mr. Dunbar Barton, Q.C. (C.) was returned unopposed in the room of the late Sir J. P. Corry (C.).

NORTH KANNINGTON.—In his address to the constituents, written on board her Majesty's ship *Undaunted*, off Lemnos, Lord Charles Beresford refers at some length to the question of national defence. He regards this matter, as before, outside of party considerations. The report of the Royal Commission of 1890, reveals, he says, "a serious and shocking state of affairs," there being no attempt to secure "that the establishments of one service should be determined with any reference to the requirements of the other." "A mercantile concern, such as a great railway company, would be bankrupt in one year if money were laid out for completing its establishments without any reference to its requirements." Lord Charles is certain that the country would lose far more in a sudden emergency by the lack of system and the want of organisation of the forces we already possess than it would by their numerical inferiority. If returned to Parliament, he would, irrespective of party, endeavour to induce the Legislature to discuss and produce a definite policy of defence capable of promptly utilising our existing forces. He puts forward the following among other proposals: To establish practical communication with concerted action in localities where one is dependent on the other for success or failure of a campaign, and the saving of enormous expenditure by the garrisoning of certain coaling stations by the fleet.

KENT (Thanet).—Dr. S. Jones (G.), barrister, has been invited to oppose Mr. J. Lowther (C.).

MERKOURIAKHAN. W. (Bedwicly).—Mr. H. Meredith (C.) will oppose Mr. C. M. Washington (G.).

SALFORD (South).—Mr. J. E. Barlow (G.) proposes to retire in favour of Mr. T. W. Harris, labour candidate.

WILTS. (Newbury).—Dr. S. Jones (G.), barrister, has been invited to oppose Mr. J. Lowther (C.).

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(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)
EXPERIENCES OF A
THEATRICAL
MANAGER:
THE ADVENTURES OF
F. WILSON TRISCOTT.
Written by PHILIP HAVARD.

No. IV.—PREPARING FOR THE TOUR.
The towns we were about to visit not being very populous, it was clear that a frequent change of bill would be necessary. Being anxious to make our programme as varied as possible, we determined to play "The Colleen Bawn," "The Lady of Lyons," and Robertson's popular comedy, "Casto," each for two nights a week. It did not occur to me then, but it must have been apparent to Mr. Heywood, that it was utterly ridiculous to expect a company of mediocre artists to play such widely different parts as those figuring in these three plays.

Having selected our company, the next business was the casting. To me, in my inexperience, this did not present any grave difficulty. All that was necessary, it seemed to me, was to write out a list of the characters, with the names of the ladies and gentlemen whom we intended to play them. Stage management will be a comparatively easy and pleasant business should such a millennial state of things ever come to pass. Millennial truly, for one may as well expect the lion and the lamb to lie down together, while a little child feeds them, as expect an actor to be satisfied with his part if any one else has a morsel of "fat." Every one wants to be the lion, he likes to be "fed," but no one cares to be the kid that "feeds."

But in the case to which I refer difference of opinion did not arise on the question of "feeding." "The Colleen Bawn" is not a one-part play. There are in it several good stage characters, and their business is arranged on the "give-and-take" principle. I had cast our leading man, or more correctly our leading pupil, the Hon. Sydney Clive, to play Hardress. Mr. Gordon for Myles, and myself for Danny. I must confess that I should have liked to play Myles, but realising that we were paying Mr. Gordon a heavy salary I felt the part would be easier in his hands. I should have preferred the part of Hardress to Danny, but knowing the terms of Mr. Clive's engagement I thought that this was beyond me, of right, to him. But my personal sacrifices were of no avail.

"Do you really expect me, Mr. Triscott," Mr. Clive inquired, in a languid, drowsing tone, "to play Hardress?"

I felt inclined to say that it would be altogether absurd to expect him to play anything (except the fool), but checked myself, and replied smilingly and politely that I believed he was eminently suited to the part.

"Oh, no sir," he answered. "All my friends tell me I'm better in parts of a pronounced character, don't you know. Besides Hardress entertains the curtain rises. I should prefer to enter on because, don't you know, I must have a bit reception."

"That can be arranged," said my partner, with an accent on "arranged." "Can it also be arranged for Hardress to have a song?"

"Oh! absurd!" I cried. "You'd destroy the balance of the piece, and put yourself out of the picture. That would be too horrible. I must be in the picture, and I must have a chance of appearing to the best advantage, don't you know, so I won't play Hardress. What shall I do?"

I was more than half disposed to suggest that he should play the old woman.

"Now, Myles," the noodle continued, "has a song, and he enters when the piece is fairly advanced. I'll play Myles."

I expressed my mind rather pointedly against this ludicrous proposal, but Mr. Heywood overruled my objections.

Our next difficulty was with Mr. Gordon, but as he occupied a more dependent position it was easy to silence him. He then adopted a martyr-like air throwing off, sotto voce, a few satirical quips, such as "shelks, not talents, make the actor." It was finally settled that Mr. Gordon should play Danny and Hardress. Personally, I was very well pleased with my change of part.

With the ladies we fare even worse. It was by no means an easy matter to reconcile Miss Brentwood to the part of Anne Chute. She had set her mind on playing Eily, so, in point of fact, had all four amateur ladies. Although they agreed readily with me that some one must play Anne, she said, and Kathleen, each insisted that she should be the Colleen Bawn, or have her premium returned.

Miss Brentwood was, however, induced to study the part of Anne on being assured by Mr. Heywood that it was the better one of the two, and that no less a personage than Miss Laura Keene, the *lady* of a New York Theatre, preferred the part; so it was played at her own theatre. But this, while reconciling Miss Brentwood to her part, did not materially assist us, for that young lady made it her business to inform the others of her facts, whereupon they all became exceedingly anxious to play Anne Chute.

Mr. Heywood was, however, equal to the emergency. He took each lady separately into his confidence, professed to throw himself entirely upon her goodness, assuring her that his reputation and the success of the piece depended upon her playing the part for which she was cast. The ruse was altogether successful.

Our troubles were by no means over. We had the same difficulties to overcome in casting "The Lady of Lyons." Four ladies were anxious to play Pauline; four ladies were determined to play Pauline, or have the preference returned. My partner suggested that we should turn on a differnt lady for each act, but I would not consent to such a ridiculous proposal. The matter was eventually settled by drawing lots, and the lot fell upon Miss Swann, probably the worst exponent of the character with which chance could have favoured us.

I had cast Mr. Clive for Claude Melnotte, but he declined the part from "sheer cussedness," as the Americans say, declaring his preference for Beaumant. I was by no means unwilling to exchange parts with him, but he rather startled me by requesting that Claude's well-known speech, beginning—

"Wouldst have me paint
The home to which, could love, fulfil thy prayers,
This hand would lead me—"

—should be transferred from Claude to Beaumant. He furthermore expressed the fire is unknown.

a desire that Beaumant should sing a comic song at the inn, and that in the second act there should be a performance given by some amateur theatricals, with Beaumant as Hamlet.

I am afraid I lost my temper, and the uncomplimentary epithets which I applied to Mr. Clive caused me to forfeit for ever that gentleman's friendship.

When the members of our company had left, my partner and I talked matters over. Now a new surprise awaited me. I asked him to call at May's and pick out the costumes for "The Lady of Lyons," but he ridiculed the proposal as a useless waste of money.

"My dear boy," said he; "it will be very much more effective to do it in modern costume, as it has never been done that way before. People don't want costume plays what they require is something new. I think it's a grand idea to play 'The Lady of Lyons' in modern dress and drag in the amateur theatricals in the second act. It has never been done before."

In vain I protested against so absurd an innovation. Mr. Heywood could put his hand on a precedent for modern dress in a costume play. The great Macready, he declared, invariably played Joseph Surface in his own modern clothes; correctness of costume was never thought of in the palmy days; and if the good old times were to come again fastidious accuracy must be abolished. I was compelled to give in.

Having arranged our day bills, programmes, and posters, we issued a call for Southerville-on-Sea, and arrived there for rehearsal a few days before we were advertised to open. It was the middle of October, and the place presented a very dreary appearance, many of the hotels, shops, and boarding-houses being closed, while the others looked more than half-inclined to follow suit; altogether it seemed as though the inhabitants were dropping off to sleep until the approach of summer visitors. The only thing about the place that cheered me were the bills announcing our show; they stood out prominently on the hoardings, surrounded by a host of auction notices, with my name written large, as the sole responsible manager. I sauntered into an inn, and called for a modest glass of beer, not with the intention of drowning my cares, but with a view to ascertaining the probabilities of business.

"It's rather dull here during the winter," I remarked to the landlord. "A good play must be a regular godsend to you."

"We ain't got the money to chuck away on plays, mister," he replied. "But you need some recreation—some amusement."

"We get all we want in that way at the sales, if there's a good auctioneer, or from a Cheap Jack."

"Then am I to understand," I asked, striving to conceal my dejection, "that theatrical companies don't do particularly well here?"

"That's about the length of it, miser, if they're fools enough to come in the off season. We'd have a company 'ere a fortnight ago, and some of the chaps is in the place still; they ain't got the coin to budge."

This information did not tend to cheer me, so I resorted to whisky. My temper did not improve on finding that the Royal Pavilion Theatre was situated on the pier. I remember that Mr. Clive, too, was very much annoyed at this, and he took my partner severely to task, but Mr. Heywood declared that he was in no way to blame for the awkward situation of the theatre, as he had not been consulted respecting the site.

I will not attempt to describe our rehearsals. The ridiculous notions of their parts which Mr. Clive and the other amateurs formed, their puerile attempts at importance, and their utterly absurd ways of coming on the stage, together with Mr. Gordon's irritating Macready pauses, would haveasperated me were it not that I was becoming so blasé that I ceased to be surprised at anything. I kept my eyes steadily on the weather-glass, for as Mr. Heywood said, the week's business was simply a gamble on the weather.

The opening night proved to be an exceedingly wild one. The wind blew, lashing the sea into a wild fury, while the rain and hail fell upon our glass roof like a shower of grape shot. It would have been impossible for us to make ourselves heard, and as two lady members of the company had failed to put in an appearance, we were compelled to ask the three enthusiasts composing the audience to favour us with their patronage another evening.

The weather was much better on the following night, and as we had "papered" the place pretty freely, we were spared the pain of playing to empty benches, but our audience, forgetting they were guests, manifested disapproval of the fare provided, or, at any rate, of the manner in which it was served. Mr. Clive's entrance as Myles was a signal for a general outburst of derision; when he opened his lips he was "guyed." Some one asked if his maternal relative was aware that he was not in bed, while another recommended him to return at once to mamma. Mr. Clive could not be prevailed to enter for the next scene. He dressed, left the theatre, and took the next train to London.

(To be continued.)

AN AMERICAN DUEL.

A strange duel is described in advices received from the Cimarron country, on the western borders of Indian territory, U.S.A. A rancher named Weaver accused one Bassett of cheating him at poker. Their friends prevented them from killing each other on the spot; but finally they did have to be arranged. It was agreed that two pistols should be put on a table under a blanket, only one being loaded, and that the combatants should first toss up a dollar for choice of weapon, and then fire simultaneously. Bassett fired first, however, and finding he had drawn the unloaded revolver, he folded his arms and awaited death. Weaver took aim at his forehead, but then slowly raised the pistol and fired through the ceiling, declaring that Bassett was too brave a man to be guilty of cheating at cards. The combatants became fast friends.

A small fire broke out in a store-room of the Agricultural Department in Old Scotland Yard shortly after 1 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, but it was confined to that compartment. A large quantity of records of small value was destroyed. The origin of the fire is unknown.

—LADY'S HILL, Sub Inspector.
—The CHEAPEST LOT OF BULBS EVER OFFERED.—185 BULBS FOR 1/-.—We offer six hundred & fifty (choice mixed), 6 Daffodil, 1 Snowdrop, 1 Tulip (mixed), 12 Winter Aconite, 1 Narcissus (mixed), 10 Crocus (double mixed), 10 Crocus (choice mixed), 1 Iris (mixed). Larger collection cheaper in proportion.

Lots free.

No. 12, Euston-road, King's Cross, London.

A TRIAL IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

At Bridgend County Court, Judge Williams had to hear an action in which £50 was claimed as compensation for damages caused by careless driving. The evidence of one important witness had still to be heard when the hour arrived for the judge to leave by train, and it being deemed desirable to dismiss the case without adjourning it to a future date, his Honour, with the legal advocates and the remaining witness, travelled together to Llantrisant, the witness giving his evidence in the railway carriage on route. On reaching Llantrisant, Judge Williams gave his decision in the station-master's office, finding for the plaintiff.

CORPORATION AND THE SALVATIONISTS.

The Corporation is still undecided about letting the land on the Thames Embankment for which the Salvation Army had offered a rental of £11,000 a year. The City fathers would much rather let the property for a art gallery, but as the Government have not seen their way to offer more than £2,000 a year for it, the Corporation could not very well close with them. A well-known firm of auctioneers in the City has offered to buy the freehold, but an Act of Parliament would be necessary to enable the Corporation to sell. Meanwhile, the Salvationists profess to be satisfied that no competitor will outbid them.

THE GARDEN.

(WANTED SPECIALLY FOR "THE PEOPLE.")

TREES PLANTING.

Evergreen trees and shrubs yet removed had better remain as they are until the end of March or beginning of April, or when the weather is mild enough. That will be the best course to adopt. Many of course, myself among the number, when much planting has to be done break away from this rule. Nevertheless, it will be better to wait, especially in the case of large trees.

COACHMAN.—The coachman's notice is necessary.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.—For any amount.

LAUNDRY.—Inquire at Somerset House at once.

E. T. —If you are a quarterly tenant, you must give a quarter's notice. You may extremely foolish not to have a written agreement; that you took the house at a certain price.

F. W. H.—Inquire at Somerset House at once.

RAILWAY GUARD.—Yes; it is a scandal that such monstrous injustice should still be perpetrated by the law.

IGNORANCE.—We cannot find any report of the case. You had better inquire at the court.

E. T. —Inquire at Somerset House at once.

J. J. H.—Refuse to pay the arrears until he produces the rent book.

T. BROWN.—No protection order is required.

The Married Women's Property Act will afford complete protection against his creditors for anything that may become due.

COACHMAN.—The coachman's notice is necessary.

COOK.—Cook's notice is necessary.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.—For any amount.

LAUNDRY.—Inquire at the Royal Exchange.

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HIS LAST CHANCE.
BY H. W. HORNUNG.

Worn and worn and worn,
And faint and faint and low,
So by on the desert dying man,
Who has gone, my friends, where we all
must go.

—ADAM LYNDAY GORDON.

It is a well-known fact, the papers say, that there are about a dozen broken-down baronets knocking about the colonies and picking up a romantic livelihood in the bush. I cannot answer for a dozen baronets, but I did once know some one of the kind, who lived in a hut at Belville Station, New South Wales. They called him Jones, but his distinguished real name was no secret. He had talked very frankly about himself in the township once, when the township whisky nearly killed him, but he was equally candid with my friend Leeson, the Belville overseer, when the latter stopped for tea at the hut, where for months together Jones touched nothing stronger. Leeson was a good friend to Jones—who must be Jones to us, and nothing more.

Jones drove one of the Belville whims. He spent most of the day under a great wooden drum, round which coiled a mighty rope with its two ends down to deep shafts, and a full bucket always coming up and an empty one going down. The buckets filled a tank, which fed the sheep troughs; and what Jones did was to drive a horse round and round to turn the drum; to crack a whip sometimes, and smoke continually, and talk to the horse—his only companion—in forcible terms. It was not an intellectual employment. In times of plenty in the paddocks, when the rains had filled the tanks and freshened up the salt-bush, the whim was not wanted, and other work was found for Jones. But these were rare periods, for Jones was at Belville during one of the longest and most obstinate droughts of late years. And I remember finding him conscientiously at work on a Sunday afternoon, when most men would have been "camping" in the hut, the first time I set eyes on him.

I was spending the week end at Belville with my friend, who wanted to see Jones on some matter connected with the whim; and I was very curious to see him myself. I accompanied Leeson in the buggy, and we found our broken-down swell serving his employers very zealously, as I say, and softly swearing at their horse. We drew up in the checkered shade of the beams and uprights supporting the drum, and tied the reins to the brake; and when Leeson had said what he had come to say, we all three walked over to the hut, where the whim driver made tea for us. I watched him in the strong sunlight outside, and I watched him in the hut as he bent low to blow the embers of his fire, his own face glowing at every puff. He had an unsteady, humorous eye, and he was good-looking, certainly, though the hair on his face was very disorderly. He had a singularly quiet way of speaking, and he made me such civilities as a well-bred Englishman makes on ushering one into his house. There was something very incongruous in his air of gentlemanly hospitality when one considered his position and looked at his Crimean shirt and dirty mosekins.

But my friend had begun the inquiry by introducing us. I found it hard not to eye the man with unmannerly curiosity.

We talked on what are called indifferent subjects. I was conscious of putting a restraint on the conversation. As we drove away I observed:

"It's drink that he came to the ground on; I see it in his eye."

"Drink—among other things," said Leeson, carving arabesques with the whipcord on the horses' flanks. "He was pretty rapid all round, I fancy, and a terror on the turf!"

"He drinks still, I gather; knocks down a cheque pretty regularly?"

"No, I can't say he goes to the township so often; though, when he does, his cheque goes too, as you say. No; racing's the passion that sticks tightest. He lost every penny at Waverley last Christmas—he'll lose every cent at our meeting next month."

"And a great deal better than drinking it all!" I remarked. "Has he entirely broken with his people? Don't they know where he is?"

"They do know—but have no idea what he is doing. I should say, very likely they don't much care either. He is a younger son; he played the fool awfully in the old country—wrote to the dogs. If he went home again, he'd be a reformed character, well and good; but they won't fret if he doesn't; they have washed their hands of him. That's his opinion. He is a very simple-hearted fellow at the bottom; he has told me nearly everything. Yet they write to him now and then, his people. And there's some one who writes often to some one who was very fond of him. I gather, but he hasn't actually told me this. There is some romance, but I don't know it. I dare say he wrote her pretty badly, and she may be putting it right, as things stand. I know he isn't over fond of himself, poor devil! But it's no use guessing at the story."

"Dear me!" said I, very thoughtfully, for the little I had heard was certainly suggestive, and made me very inquisitive. "He's the most interesting character I've ever come across. I should like to see him again."

"Oh, you will, next month," laughed Leeson, "at Belville races!"

And I did.

Belville township is on Belville "run," and its inhabitants are not less ardent than other colonists in the matter of horse-racing. They number some two hundred souls—not many more or less. Yet behold the Belville Amateur Turf Club, a flourishing and most respectable institution. The Belville Plate, the Belville Amateur Turf Club Cup, the Belville Handicap Steeplechase, Ladies' Bracelet and Members' Race are events which anybody would be proud to win, and sensibly enriched by that token; and, in point of fact, I rode my own Fidgetty Dick in more than one of these, not wholly without triumph, at that meeting whence I next encountered the romantic Jones.

I was Leeson's guest, as before—as many times before and since; for my own station was forty miles further back. The course was four miles from the home station and close to the

township, through which runs the stock and coach route. We sent on our racers (for Leeson was riding, too) rather early in the morning, and ourselves followed in the buggy a little later. The township was crowded. In the post office verandah we despatched Jones, in clean mosekins. He was alone there.

"Ho! I'm going to the hut."

"You're not—you're coming with us."

"No," said the whim-driver firmly. "I'm going back to my hut. I'll have two more nights there, and two more days I'll drive the whim for you. I never expected this, as you know; and I have a sort of affection for the whole concern, I find, now. I'm going to leave. Two more days there will do me good. They'll help me to realize things a little, and to pull myself together. No, I'm not coming to the station; I'm going straight to my hut. But of course I'll come that way round on Saturday, and say good-bye; and you'll look me up when you take a trip home. We'll fraternize there."

He was a difficult man to dissuade, as I had seen. Leeson gave it up. We drove back to the road, leaving a fresh set of curves among the trees, and bumping horribly over the salt-bush.

"It is far to his hut from here!" I asked.

"Eight miles across country."

"Is he safe not to go and get bushed? The sun'll be down in two hours."

"My good fellow," said Leeson, "he's travelled it blind drunk before this!"

"On foot?"

"He never brings my horses to the township. He goes on the spurs more conscientiously than any man we ever had. But I'm glad he hasn't gone on the spurs to-night."

And when we reached the road we saw the last of the white mosekins, in the same spot, but now at the end of a long red lane painted by the setting sun in its last moments. The fading sun was without a flaw—there was no wind; the locusts were already chirping; their Lilliputian chorus: it was a very still, a very innocent evening.

III.

I remember the dust-storm only too well the morning following that drowsy, sweet evening. I had gone just too far on my homeward journey to make it worth while turning back—I mean when the infernal thing began.

Before long, I might have been going forward or back, I should not have known which it was—you couldn't see three yards ahead—you could only stand still to be choked by the stupendous whirlwind of dark yellow sand.

I stood very still indeed (having dimmed), with my face to the faces of my two horses; I was loading Fidgetty Dick, you understand, who had no fidgets now, but only trembled.

The vision was as completely hindered as in a very bad November fog in London, and the prevailing tint was a sombre yellow.

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OUR OMNIBUS.

PIPER PAN.

The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts will be resumed on the 13th of February next, and the indefatigable conductor, Mr. Manns, has already issued full particulars of the first ten concerts. I cannot find space for details of the programmes arranged by Mr. Manns, but feel bound to say that they are even more attractive than those of the past season, and it should be borne in mind that music lovers may attend these concerts at the small cost of one shilling.

Mr. Manns has engaged Madames Valleria, Clara Samuel, and Hope Gleam; Miles, Fillunger and McIntyre; MM. Santley, Bon Davies, Piercy, Salmon, Oudin, and other eminent vocalists. His list of instrumentalists includes the names of Madame Roger-Miclos, Joachim, Hugo Becker, Silas, and Otto Hegerer, and in the course of the season nine additions will be made to the copious library formed by Mr. Manns within the last thirty-five years.

I look forward with interest to the appearance of that wonderful boy pianist, Otto Hegerer, because I know that during the many months in which he has been kept from the public he has made great progress under his original teachers and has been allowed plenty of exercise in the open air.

Her Majesty the Queen has sent Jean Gerardy a beautiful scarf-pin, set with diamonds, as "a souvenir of his visits to Windsor Castle." It would be contrary to court etiquette for the Queen to offer money in such cases, but she is not actuated by parsimonious motives, and I have no doubt that the costly presents she bestows upon deserving artists are prized by them more highly than would be pecuniary rewards.

On Tuesday last I had the pleasure of attending a private concert at the residence of Mrs. Goetz, in Hyde Park-terrace, where, for the first time in England, Liszt's distinguished pupil, Heinrich Lutter, played classical pianoforte music splendidly. He is about to return to Hanover, but will give piano recitals here next spring, and I recommend my musical readers to lose no chance of hearing him.

The Bach Choir gave their thirty-eighth public concert last Tuesday at St. James's Hall, under the able direction of Dr. Villiers Stanford, and the programme consisted solely of Mozart's "Requiem Mass," and a copious selection from Wagner's last opera, "Parsifal." Bach was left "out in the cold," and I am not alone in thinking that a "Bach Choir" concert at which Bach is ignored is misnamed.

The secretary of the Royal Academy of Music has sent me an interesting list of its scholarships. I regret to say that there are only six free—or partially free—scholarships, instituted in honour of Thalberg, Macfarren, Sternadell, Bennett, Parepa-Rosa, Liszt, and Sir John Gosse. The R.A.M. is well conducted, and I hope that the number of its scholarships may be soon augmented.

Weber's last opera, "Oberon," was produced at Covent Garden Theatre sixty-five years ago, and the beautiful air, "O 'tis pleasant to float o'er the sea," was sung behind the scenes, the mermaid who floated across the stage being a ballet girl. Mr. Ella, in his "Musical Sketches," states that the song was first attempted by the prima donna, at a rehearsal. When she finished Weber folded up the MS., saying "Tank you, madam." A second donna tried it, with a similar result. At last Miss Goward was invited to attempt the song. Her singing, in tune and time and with natural expression, realised Weber's ideal, and, with a smile, he kissed the forehead of the little girl, saying, "Dat vil do; you sing sing de song." Some years later she married the late Robert Keeley, and at this moment there are few ladies more bright and lively than "Mrs. Keeley."

OLLA PODRIDA.—Madame Adeline Patti, accompanied by Signor Arditi and Madame Arditi, will depart to New York by the City of Paris on Wednesday next.—Signor Lago will next month commence a second season of Italian opera at the Shaftesbury Theatre.—The New York Courier states that when M. de Pachman now plays Schumann's solo, "The Bird to the Prophet," he leaves out the last bar, wafts his hand gently in the air, and says to the audience, "Le birt has fled away."

BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

The singing mouse question, on which we had a correspondent some time ago, is referred to again by "Dielies," who has in his possession a fine live specimen of a songster. He does not think that the mouse is affected by disease, nor that the song is due to any morbid condition of the respiration. It never sings during the day unless disturbed and forced out of its nest, but as soon as dusk comes on, saunters forth into its wire run, and suddenly bursts into song. It varies the power of its notes, and occasionally warbles like a bird. If disturbed at this time it beats a hasty retreat and ceases singing simultaneously.

"M. A. W." kindly informs me how he cured a young parrot of picking her feathers. The cure was very simple, but was efficacious in this case at all events. My correspondent simply hung an empty cotton reel up in Polly's cage which amused her, and entirely diverted her thoughts from her feathers. From being miserably object to look at she has become in splendid condition. The parrot never drinks water, but has cold tea morning and evening. "M. A. W." apparently makes hemp seed its staple diet; if it were my bird I would endeavour to get it to take some less rich food, such as maize, and only give a little hemp. I have known so many birds suffer from too great indulgence in this seed.

My new monkey is gradually settling down to domestic life under the tutorage of old Jack. But Tim's manners require considerable improvement, especially at the table.

"Tee the two monkeys are brought up to supper in the small clothes-basket, which they inhabit while in the house. Tim has to be tied very close to one handle. One of his first exploits was to seize the soup-tureen in both hands and draw it towards himself to the consternation of Jack. His body and limbs seem to be of indiarubber for he can stretch them almost indefinitely, and take things which are apparently far beyond his reach. When he first arrived he was very shy and cried out when any one approached him, but a few days' gentle treatment made him more at home. He has a piteous little face and wide-open eyes, and usually looks as if butter would melt in his mouth. But introduce some food, and note the change. His innocence becomes insolence, and he snatches morsels out of the very lips of his generally astute Jack.

Jack is very well behaved towards him as a rule, but occasionally the youngster's energies are too great, and Jack has to reprove him. The new monkey makes one appreciate Jack's virtues more; Jack never was so fearfully mischievous and so irrepressible as

Tim, and yet we used to consider that he possessed something of both these characteristics. But, of course, the older monkey had been in civilised life for some years before I had him; while the young scoty one is a wild barbarian but lately arrived from West Africa, and not yet instructed in polite behaviour of any kind. However, he is young, and will learn.

Mr. S. Dryer, jun., writes to say that he saw a swallow flying about on the Parade, near the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, on the 8th inst., and it seemed very strong on the wing.

A protest appears in a morning paper about a performance in some provincial managerie which certainly should be put a stop to. It seems that the proprietor has a tame tiger and part of the performance is for an elephant to be brought in the room among the people, the tiger's door to be opened and the beast to be carried round the place riding on the elephant's back. The tiger has a chain upon it and probably is tame enough to be considered quite safe. But the danger to be apprehended is from panic.

Suppose the tiger were to be alarmed or were to, from any cause, give some sudden and startling movement. We know how easily panic spreads among a crowded assembly and when the majority of the spectators are children, and there is only one exit, and that down a few crazy steps, the consequences might be awful. I hope that some such representation will be put before the proprietor, and that he may be induced to give up this part of the entertainment; if not, the police authorities ought certainly to interfere. Wild beasts of more or less uncertain disposition are out of place among a crowd of human beings.

THE ACTOR.

In these days of "triple" bills, why does not some impresario put forward an entertainment consisting wholly of short musical pieces of the lighter kind? At the Lyric Club on Tuesday afternoon I witnessed the production of a one-act operetta, by Mr. Wilfred Bendall and Mr. Cunningham Bridgeman, and I thought to myself how delightful would be a whole afternoon devoted to such trifles. Of course, they would have to be well done. Messrs. Bendall and Bridgeman had the help of Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. Wallace Brownlow, Miss Rosina Brandram, and Miss Decima Moore; and very charmingly did these popular artists sing and act.

On Wednesday afternoon I had another agreeable experience, being one of a small party who were taken all over "Venice in Olympia" by Mr. W. E. Chapman, a well-known journalist, who is associated with the management of the concern. First of all we inspected "Modern Venice," which is in the smaller of the two buildings, and in which the houses, bridges, and canals of the famous city are wonderfully reproduced.

My theatrical tastes were much gratified by the spectacle of the Rialto in all its glory; one almost expected to come across Shylock and Antonio, and to hear the latter rating the former in good set terms. I was reminded of Mr. Irving's admirable production of "The Merchant of Venice," though at Olympia we have the advantage of being on the scene itself.

From "Modern Venice" we turned to the big hall, whose vast space is perfectly adapted to the big spectacle Mr. Kiraly has in store for us. In this we are to have a sort of elaboration and illustration of certain features of Shakespeare's "Merchant," the illustration taking the form of processions, ballets, combats, and so forth; and I know not what of stirring and picturesque developments. One raw the light-fo'ed ballerine at work, and the gondoliers guiding their boats over the broad sheet of water which now occupies the central portion of the floor of the house. This water will be included in the space covered by the processions, ballets, and so on.

It seems my correspondent who wrote recently respecting the quantity of sea-slime deposited near Enfield, on the banks of the Lee, was, in a general sense, well within the mark, and his statement has been fully corroborated. He added that formally he could take seven pounds of roach in that locality in about three hours, but so far had not succeeded in obtaining that weight during the whole of the present season. The Enfield Lock Club fished a peg-down match there, he says, for three Saturdays, and then took only one perch. If this is so, it is high time something was done, and I hope the matter will not be allowed to drop.

Mr. Chapman took us on to the stage and showed us all the devices for moving the mammoth scenery employed. A good deal of this is in the form of canvas, which is uniformly painted and moved with ease. The extreme length of the stage will give plenty of scope for spectacle, and the ballets will be brought near to the spectators by, in some cases, being presented on pontoons launched upon the broad piece of water.

Miss Ella Torrisi will be the third actress who has essayed in London the rôle of Tom Chickwood in "Alone in London," the latest attraction at the Princess's. The first representative of the part was Miss Harriett Jay, who by and by gave up the part to Miss Louisa Gourlay, taking that of the heroine, Annie, instead. Miss Gourlay (who is now in "Joan of Arc") played the part during the country tour of the play, which, you will remember, was first seen at the Olympic in 1835.

The version of "Oliver Twist," in which Miss Grace Hawthorne is about to appear at the Olympic, is from the pen of Mr. G. Colingham. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to enumerate all the adaptations to which Dickens's story has been subjected. The first, apparently, was that of C. Z. Hartnett, brought out at the Pavilion in May, 1833. This was followed by George Almar at the Surrey in the November of that year. In 1839 came the Adelphi arrangement, in which Mr. and Mrs. Yates were Fagin and Nancy and Mrs. Keeley was the Oliver.

After that, the most notable version was John Oxenford's, seen at the Queen's in 1868. The cast on that occasion could scarcely be surpassed. Miss Henrietta Hodson as Oliver, Nelly Moore as Nancy, Mr. Irving as Bill Sykes, Mr. Toole as the Artful Dodger, Ryder as Fagin, Mr. Lionel Brough as Bumble, and John Clayton and Mr. W. H. Stephens in other parts—how could such a cast be even equalled? An American version, called "Nancy," was played at the "Olympic" thirteen years ago, with Rose Eytinge as the heroine, Miss Lizzie Coote as Oliver, Mr. G. W. Anson as Fagin, and Mr. Pateman as the Dodger. Since then "Oliver Twist" has been somewhat neglected in London, and the proposed revival should, therefore, have a certain measure of interest.

Of all the forthcoming theatrical productions, the Gilbert-Cellier opera probably is that which is exciting the most widespread interest. Mr. Gilbert's work, which is wholly unique, always attracts attention, and on this occasion it will be presented under specially notable conditions. For example, Mr. Gilbert works for the first time with Mr. Alfred Cellier. Many years ago he adapted a libretto to music by Offenbach, and he wrote "Ages Ago" and "Princess Toto" with Mr. Clay; but apart from these cases his libretto writing has been done with Sir Arthur Sullivan only.

Again, Mr. Gilbert labours for a theatre which is new to him and with a company to which, as a whole, he is not accustomed. At the Savoy he was at home and found everything ready to his hand—performers especially. In the present instance the acting and vocal material is very largely fresh to him. Miss Ulmar, of course, and Mr. Wyatt, and Mr. John Robertson—these are well-known to him as old Savoyards; and Mr. Furneaux Cook has graduated in Gilbertian opera. But Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Harry Monkhouse—these comedians have been brought up in a very different school; so have

Miss Lucille Saunders and Mr. Playfair; and the chorus, of course, has had to be initiated from the beginning in the Gilbertian method.

Mr. Gilbert, however, has found the new material very amenable, and he has certainly spared no pains to mould it to his requirements. He has coached most of the principals and all the individual members of the chorus in their various parts, and has found them, I believe, eminently appreciative. Still, the fact that he has been working away from the Savoy gives a special plausibility to the production. I know by instinct what the Savoy company would make of a Gilbertian opera; in the present instance there is an element of strangeness and novelty which quickens and flavours the curiosity that all must feel.

OLD IZAAK.

There is apparently a conflict among the gods. Whether the Naiades are in captivity or Jupiter Pluvius is enthroned as dictator, time alone will tell. In any case there is now no accounting for the weather, or any certainty in predicting the state of the rivers, and for the present all forecasts of either must be left to Naiadmatous souls. The only observation I would venture upon is that things can hardly be worse, and may soon be better. Meanwhile, bad as they are, the Naiades is not wholly undesirable, for the Fairies declare they can find plenty of fish if anglers will only come and catch them. The bank anglers everywhere in suitable places are still getting good take of roach, some of the fish weighing from 1lb. to 1lb. each.

The same old story comes from the Lee, and, of course, on such a day as Sunday last, fishing was to a great extent out of the question. The Alm anglers had arranged a pictorial battle at Ware, but Mr. Paliss, the worthy secretary, tells me that after seeing the water they beat a hasty retreat, and the same thing happened all along the line. A jack of 1lb. had been successfully landed on fine tackle by an angler at St. Margaret's, but beyond this very creditable performance, my report must be a blank. Some good roach have been taken at Fulbourn, and a jack of 4lb. at Byfleet, in the water rented by the Central Association, to which I referred last week.

At the time I write, floods are universally prevalent, and, whether from the Thames, Arun, Lee, or Wey, the report is, that the water is out, and fishing difficult everywhere. Those who know the localities well, and can find some quiet spots, may yet get good sport, and when the waters are subsiding, the general anglers will stand an excellent chance, of which, I know they will not be slow to avail themselves. May it soon come.

The monthly delegate meeting of the Anglers' Association takes place on the 21st inst., at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell, E.C. The chair will be taken at 8.30 p.m.

Among coming events, I note that the next return visit on the eastern district visiting list No. 2 goes to the St. Andrew's Piscatorials, at the Turk's Head, East-street, Lamb's Conduit-street, W.C., on the 21st inst., and I have no doubt it will be a successful meet.

It is the case, I believe, that Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Marcus Ward, the leading purveyors of Christmas cards and souvenirs, employ between them some 4,000 people for several months solely in this branch of their extensive businesses.

Let that thought, then, comfort those who grumble at having to send so many cards to their friends at the festive season; their little outlay helps to feed and clothe thousands

of willing and capable workers.

A certain elderly dandy had beautiful brown hair, so curly and so glossy, a few months ago; on meeting him the other day I was surprised to see the snows of winter above his brow. Noticing my astonishment, he hastened to explain that the change was the result of the electric light. "Three months back," he said, "I had it installed at my house, and somehow or other it has taken all the colour out of my hair." I recommended the poor sufferer to revert to gas.

"Tommy Atkins" typifies the British soldier. All the same, it had better be abandoned at once and for ever; the Gladstones, I observe, have already taken that course.

Are cigarettes injurious to human health? They are, of course, when indulged in immoderately; there can be no question about their being harmful in that case, both to nerves and digestion, just as cigar, pipe, and stimulants are when used excessively. But some medical theorists hold that even such moderate allowance of cigarettes as Lord Russell prescribed for his pretty wife does injury. If that be so, a good many young folks must be ruining their constitutions post haste. I know of numbers who get through dozens every day of their lives, lighting a fresh one every quarter of a hour or so. Yet they do not appear to be any the worse so far.

For my own part, I consider the most satisfactory and satisfying smoke is that of a fairly seasoned but not foul pipe of mildish tobacco. The longer the tube the better; I almost add, the more capacious the bowl the better also. Thus equipped, with a glass of something within reach and a pleasant book as food for the mind, a man gets as near true happiness as is possible for mortals on this side of the great gulf. But for perfect enjoyment the house should be absolutely quiet; even slight noise disturbs the calmness essential for complete felicity.

The omnibus chaise is not to be baffled by the ticket system; on the contrary, it rather lends itself to petty swindling. When travelling the other day in one of these conveyances, a well-dressed and rather pretty young woman sitting opposite in a penny ticket for a short stage. But when we arrived there she did not attempt to get out, nor did she tender additional payment subsequently until the conductor begged her to pay. Then she remarked, "I am going on farther," and invested in another ticket covering the rest of the journey, a distance of some three miles. It seems clear, therefore, that she never had any real intention of dismounting at the first stage; it was merely a pretence, her hope being that the conductor would forget what fare she had paid.

I learnt from him that these petty frauds are far more common than they used to be under the old system, when the conductor had only to remember how far the passenger had travelled before getting out. He also informed me that the perpetrators are almost invariably well-dressed women; men and poor folks rarely indulge in the perilous pleasure of playing the bill.

A kindly-hearted gentleman at Pimlico asks us to start a subscription for the Rev. William Moore, whose hard case I described in a recent issue. To this request, as to all others of a similar character, I can only give the stereotyped reply that it is not the function of a newspaper to carry round the hat for such purposes, however excellent they may be in themselves. To do so would involve serious trouble and still more serious responsibility; we speak from experience in past cases of the sort. The proper agency to assist Mr. Moore is the Church on whose behalf he labours so ardently and so successfully; we have done our duty by drawing public attention to the ill reward that has attended his efforts for the promotion of religion among the masses.

It is the case, I believe, that Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Marcus Ward, the leading purveyors of Christmas cards and souvenirs, employ between them some 4,000 people for several months solely in this branch of their extensive businesses.

Let that thought, then, comfort those who grumble at having to send so many cards to their friends at the festive season; their little outlay helps to feed and clothe thousands

of willing and capable workers.

The shape is one of those convenient forms that a drift pinch here or there on the wide road will alter to suit almost any face. It makes an exceedingly becoming bonnet for an elderly lady with a rather large black velvet lined with full pleats of soft black lace, and trimmed at the back with a plume of orange-coloured ostrich tips and jet aigret, and tied with broad black velvet strings. On a young face this form of bonnet looks lovely. I saw it on a sweetly pretty young thing over a wealth of golden hair. The draped shell was made of a rich shade of royal blue velvet lined with the palest blue satin, the trimming placed at the back of the shell was pale blue satyr mixed with jet. The strings of dark blue velvet were rather wide, and fastened in front with a soft made bow.

A pretty mantle for a little girl was a dark red serge gauged to a yoke. It had long hanging sleeves and the shoulders raised; the mantle just covers the frock, the fronts are full and gathered at the waist by a plaited silk girdle, a rolled collar of brown fur finishes the neck.

and other Affections of the Throat and Chest.

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CONSUMPTIVE NIGHT SWEATS,

DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING,

PAIN IN THE CHEST,

WINTER COUGH,

and all Affections of the Throat and Chest.

BALMATIC COUGH ELIXIR

THE THEATRES.

ROYALTY.

As a continuous afternoon entertainment old-fashioned Christmas pantomime, acted by children, for children, has already been started in anticipation of the holidays at the little theatre in Dean-street by Mr. John Donald (pleasantly remembered as the courteous acting manager of Foul's Theatre), in partnership with Mr. C. Burleigh-Tesserman. The opening performance on the 12th introduced to the audience the "London Juvenile Opera Company," in the sense indicated by a playbill as distinguished from a prospectus. The first item of the bill in which this troupe of well-trained young people despatched themselves presented in action the story of "Cock Robin and Jenny Wren," which proceeded while the familiar nursery narrative was being recited by Miss Grace Murielle. To this pretty pastime of singing birds succeeded a stage presentation of the court of that most enviable of monarchs, Old King Cole, who, while hobnobbing with his queen over his proverbial pipe and pot, reviewed his royal household, including the immortal fiddlers three and other trios, several of pipers, nurses, cooks, housemaids, &c. —among whom, for vocal ability, if the cooks made the cake it was the pipers who took it. A lace dance by four tiny damsels was quite good enough in its way to be demanded. This merriment fitly served as opening to the harlequinade, through which Master Clown and his company repeated their well-known pilfering tricks, contained later on by the same culprits in what used to be called a "galaxy show," showing the characters as fancifully projected in shadow upon a translucent curtain. The antics of clown and his congeners, as they were seen magnified to Brobdingnagian or diminished to Lilliputian proportions, accordingly as they advanced or receded from the light, proved to be highly diverting as exhibitions of quaintly distorted humour. The most prominent actors in the entertainment, which only made repetition to give it the requisite gaiety and swing were the children, Grace Murielle, Marie and Victoria Allwood, their brother, F. W. Allwood, who was scored in a tailor's hornpipe; Harry Paul, the latest of a long line of clowns, E. King, Gregg, and Julia Johnson, whose clever skipping-doe dance was much applauded. The Royalty children's pantomime fairly earned the commendatory applause with which it was greeted, and it should be stated that the music, composed and arranged by Mr. F. Pasca, contributed in no slight degree to the general success.

LYRIC CLUB.

In this elegant theatre a new operetta, entitled "He Stoops to Win," was successfully produced on Tuesday last. The libretto, written by Mr. Cunningham Bridgeman, sets forth the love of a wealthy youngster, who, under the false name of "Dale" (Mr. Vincent Pounds), hires himself as valet to General Blunt (Mr. Brownlow) for the sake of proximity to the general's niece, Alice (Miss Decima Moore), who loves Dale, but despairs of obtaining her uncle's consent to her marriage. The General's housekeeper, Mrs. Crumpton (Miss Rosina Brandram), gives her help to the two sweethearts, and the general at length consents to their marriage. The music, by Mr. Wilfred Bendall, is melodious and piquant; the ballad, "I love him so," is charming, and was charmingly sung by Miss Decima Moore, whose progress, both as vocalist and actress, is remarkable. Dale's song, "Love's Slavery," lastingly sung by Mr. Pounds, and his duet with Mrs. Crumpton are well written. Mrs. Crumpton's diverting song, "The Romance of a Mulin and a Crumpton," and the general's song, "Of evils most hard and unkind," are bright and tuneful, and the concerted music is excellent. The operetta was heartily applauded by the large audience, and would be a capital "curtain-riser" at one of our theatres.

BRITANNIA.

The elbow room was none too plentiful and certainly not expected in this theatre on Monday evening last, when over 4,000 persons managed to gain admittance to the auditorium. "House full" boards have not yet become fashionable with East-end managers, but one might have been displayed with advantage here on Monday, as many were turned away at an early hour. The entertainment commenced with Mr. J. W. Hanson's comic sketch, entitled "The Country Nurse," which was succeeded by "Briars and Blossoms," a short drama specially written for this theatre by the late G. H. Haslewood. In this Mrs. Lane essayed her original character, Winnie Wheeler, and was received with unusual enthusiasm. Following this piece came the "Poetical Britannia Festival," written by Mr. Algernon Syme, in which each member of the company individually addressed to the audience for the season. Mr. G. H. Bigwood, the stage manager, spoke first, and was followed by Mrs. Lane as Nancy Drake in "The Ring of Iron." Mr. F. Beaumont as Nob, in "The Governor's Wife," Mr. J. Munro, as Lord Shafto in "Grimald," Miss M. Pettifer, as Martha Troutbeck in "The Good Old Times," Mr. E. Leigh, as Captain Jackson in "The Golden Ladder," Miss M. Griffiths, as Luciana in "The Comedy of Errors," Mr. H. W. Varca, as Ewan in "Ben-my-Chair," Mr. W. H. Perrette, as Paul de Vigne in "Human Nature," Miss A. Morgan, as Leslie in "The Comedy of Errors," Mr. E. Beecher, as the Knight of Ballyveeny in "The English Rose," Mr. W. Gardiner, as Spofford in "Human Nature," Miss H. Toy, as Ethel Kington in "The English Rose," Mr. W. Steadman, as Sir John Graham in "The Ring of Iron," Miss O. Webb, as May Joyce in "The Dark Secret," Mr. A. Syme, as Harry O'Malley in "The English Rose," and Mrs. S. Lane, as Queen Ma Garine in last year's pantomime, "The Spider and the Fly."

THE OUTLYING THEATRES.

THE PANTOMIMES, 1891-92.

There will in all probability be twelve pantomimes running at the above theatres this Yuletide, a slight increase on the number produced last year. There will be no less than three on the tables—"Dick Whittington," the adventures of "Robinson Crusoe," have also been utilised in three instances, while the favourite theme, "Aladdin," does not appear to be quite so popular this year, there being only one pantomime promising that title. China is also the case with the "Cinderella" and "Little Bo-peep" legends. The following list gives particulars of the individual productions:—Britannia, "The Old Spice of the Sea"; Elephant and Castle, "Little Bo-peep"; Grand, "Whittington and His Cat"; Greenwich, "Aladdin"; Lucifer, Hammermith, "Dick Whittington"; Maypole; "Robinson Crusoe"; Novelty, "Cinderella"; Parkhurst, "Robinson Crusoe"; Pavilion, "Little Red Riding Hood"; Stamford, "Robinson Crusoe"; Stratford, "Dick Whittington"; Surrey, "The Fair One with the Golden Locks." With the exception of the Greenwich and Standard annuals, which will be brought out on Christmas Eve, all the pantomimes are to be produced on Boxing morning. There will be no pantomime proper at Sanger's this year, but a grand diversion, entitled "St. Petersburg at Christmas," to be given, Saturday, December 22nd.

"World on Ice" and the usual circus performances.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.

The directors of this well-known exhibition have made the usual preparations for the Christmas holidays, and the visitor, in addition to being amused and interested in its wall-stocked galleries, will experience considerable pleasure in unravelling a new tableau-story that has been ingeniously contrived by Mr. John Tussaud. "The Story of a Crime" is the title of the new feature, and it is set out in six tableaux on the ground floor. In the first scene is depicted a young married man just about to enter the snare that has been laid for him. It represents a drawing-room, in which the accomplices are seated at the card-table, inviting their victim to drink and join the party. In scene two the poor victim, having been fleeced, is being persuaded to recoup himself by unlawful means, and in the third picture it is seen that this advice has been taken. The sheriff's officer and the man in possession appear before the gambler and his sobbing wife and child. As a last resource he plans a robbery, and disturbed whilst riding a safe, stabs the man whom by his clumsiness he has awakened from his bed. The next pictures, entitled "Guilty or Not Guilty?" are intensely realistic, and shows the prisoner in the dock, with all the painful surroundings usually apparent when in cases such as the condemned King, on the eve of his execution, alighted with such tender pathos to his "labyrinth of sorrow." In his still earlier drama, "Ninon" occur the exquisite lines: "Her these cares which you would keep from me; For woman is physician of the soul!" And keeps the balsam.

ROYAL AQUARIUM.

The early winter exhibition of the National Chrysanthemum Society was opened at the Royal Aquarium on the 9th inst. The exhibits, although not so numerous as in former years, were attractive, and possessed interest for all interested in flower lore. The principal feature was a collection of cut chrysanthemums, tastefully displayed in bunches, the first prize for which was awarded to Mr. H. J. Jones, of Lewisham. The second prize in this class followed within a few months, and a year later, in 1874, "Mary Queen of Scots" was brought out at the Princess's, with Mrs. Eously as Mary Stuart and her husband impersonating John Knox. As time wore on "Buckingham" was seen at the Olympic and "Jane Shore" at the Princess's, where, in 1876, it attracted crowded audiences for over five months, and, after a long provincial success, was brought back to the Oxford-street theatre, occupied the programme for a second season of six months. In 1877 gave playgoers "England in the Day of Charles II." at Drury Lane, and in 1878 the far superior play of "Olivia," which, after the author's masterpiece of "Charles I.," takes rank at his next best stage work, came out a year later at the Court. "Neil Gwynne," "Vanderdecken," "Ellen," "William and Susan," "Solemboor," and "Faust" kept up the succession in the chronological order here set forth. Later on, soon after Mr. Tree's accession to management, "The Pompadour," written by Mr. Wills in collaboration with Mr. Grundy, filled for many months the bill of the Haymarket. Besides the plays here enumerated, the lamented dramatist wrote in conjunction with Dr. Westland Marston, a play in which he had in his possession a play by this dramatist, whose weird genius above all others was in closest sympathy with his own, upon the subject of Rienzi; still another piece, having Don Quixote for its theme and hero; and a third, treating the legend of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere. Other literary work, in addition to several poems from this fecund writer's brain, were his novels, the two best known being "The Wife's Evidence" and "Notice to Quit." But Mr. Wills' ability was scarcely less conspicuous in painting than in poetry, as his noble picture of Laertes and Ophelia bears witness. His success in portraiture reached the ears of Her Majesty, who honoured Mr. Wills with commissions to paint several of the royal children; those like-nesses of the princes and princesses, taken years ago in their youth, still adorn the walls at Windsor Castle. Among his friends and intimates the lamented dramatist and artist was known as a simple-hearted Irishman, ever generously considerate, both with his purse and his counsel, to the weaker brethren, while always proving himself a genial boon companion with the more refined and cultivated class in that land of Bohemia wherein, as a life-long bachelor, he loved to dwell. He will be missed most of all, perhaps, at his favourite haunts of the Garrick and Arundel Clubs.

DEATH OF THE DRAMATIST.
W. G. WILLS.

To players the important event, which overshadows all others of the past week is the death of Mr. William Gorman Wills who, after a lingering illness, has just passed away in the private ward of Guy's Hospital in his 66th year, he having been born in 1823 at Killeney, where his father held a living as a Protestant clergyman of the then established Church of Ireland. By kinship near and remote Mr. Wills was connected with some of the best families in Ireland, including the Burkes, the Plunkets, the Martins, &c., &c., but it was solely by his own exertions, aided by his genius, that this lamented gentleman achieved for himself in the course of his chequered career, the proud eminence which presents him as the most poetical dramatist of his time. Not even the distressing falsification of history ingrained through both the action and characterization of his "Charles I.," can blind the reader to the beauty of certain passages of the play, notably the one in which the condemned King, on the eve of his execution, alighted with such tender pathos to his "labyrinth of sorrow." In his still earlier drama, "Ninon" occur the exquisite lines:

"Her these cares which you would keep from me; For woman is physician of the soul!"

The play by which the departed dramatist made his first noteworthy mark was "The Man o' Airlie," brought out with Mr. Herman Voss as the Scotch peasant poet—in some respects a reflex of Robert Burns—at the Princess's Theatre in 1862. Five years later "Hinko" was seen at the Queen's, and within twelve months, in September, 1872, Charles I. at the Lyceum. This production, rendered still more illustrious by Mr. Irving'senderbodiment of the Stuart King, established Mr. Wills' reputation as the premier serious writer of the English stage. "Eugene Aram" followed within a few months, and a year later, in 1874, "Mary Queen of Scots" was brought out at the Princess's, with Mrs. Eously as Mary Stuart and her husband impersonating John Knox. As time wore on "Buckingham" was seen at the Olympic and "Jane Shore" at the Princess's, where, in 1876, it attracted crowded audiences for over five months, and, after a long provincial success, was brought back to the Oxford-street theatre, occupied the programme for a second season of six months. In 1877 gave playgoers "England in the Day of Charles II." at Drury Lane, and in 1878 the far superior play of "Olivia," which, after the author's masterpiece of "Charles I.," takes rank at his next best stage work, came out a year later at the Court. "Neil Gwynne," "Vanderdecken," "Ellen," "William and Susan," "Solemboor," and "Faust" kept up the succession in the chronological order here set forth. Later on, soon after Mr. Tree's accession to management, "The Pompadour," written by Mr. Wills in collaboration with Mr. Grundy, filled for many months the bill of the Haymarket. Besides the plays here enumerated, the lamented dramatist wrote in conjunction with Dr. Westland Marston, a play in which he had in his possession a play by this dramatist, whose weird genius above all others was in closest sympathy with his own, upon the subject of Rienzi; still another piece, having Don Quixote for its theme and hero; and a third, treating the legend of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere. Other literary work, in addition to several poems from this fecund writer's brain, were his novels, the two best known being "The Wife's Evidence" and "Notice to Quit." But Mr. Wills' ability was scarcely less conspicuous in painting than in poetry, as his noble picture of Laertes and Ophelia bears witness. His success in portraiture reached the ears of Her Majesty, who honoured Mr. Wills with commissions to paint several of the royal children; those like-nesses of the princes and princesses, taken years ago in their youth, still adorn the walls at Windsor Castle. Among his friends and intimates the lamented dramatist and artist was known as a simple-hearted Irishman, ever generously considerate, both with his purse and his counsel, to the weaker brethren, while always proving himself a genial boon companion with the more refined and cultivated class in that land of Bohemia wherein, as a life-long bachelor, he loved to dwell. He will be missed most of all, perhaps, at his favourite haunts of the Garrick and Arundel Clubs.

THE BRIGHTON OUTRAGE.
W. G. WILLS.

The funeral of the child, Edith Jeal, who was murdered at Brighton, took place on Wednesday in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators. The scene was one of



THE BARN WHERE THE MURDER WAS COMMITTED. THE ARROW INDICATES POSITION OF DOOR.

a most pathetic description. A large crowd assembled in Upper Bedford-street, and when the tiny polished oak coffin was brought out and placed on the open car the majority of the women present were to be seen affected to tears. A large number of wreaths had been sent by sympathising friends, and these were placed on and around the coffin. At the cemetery there was a much larger crowd, and again the greatest

sympathy was expressed with the mourners. The service was impressively conducted by the Rev. W. T. McCormick, vicar of St. Matthew's, who was assisted by his curate, the Rev. H. B. Bishop, and the distress of the mother caused a heartrending scene. The feeling against the accused man, Wood, appears to be intense.

THE SUSPECTED MAN. A large crowd lingered outside the Town Hall in the hope of seeing him removed to the prison van for conveyance to Lewes. The police, however, did not make any attempt to remove him until dusk. They then endeavoured to accomplish a strategic movement, which, however, was not successful. The van was taken into East-treat, some short distance from the Town Hall, and at a favourable moment Wood, escorted by two stalwart constables, and accompanied by the chief constable and other officers, was hastily run up the steps at the rear of the town hall. The

crowd, however, found out what was going on, and quickly surrounded the police and their prisoner. Wood seemed in a state of dread.

The crowd became threatening, such cries of "You villain! You villain! You! You! You! You!" and "Let's get at you!" were freely heard. Both police and prisoner hurried forward, the latter seeming the most anxious to cover the distance. Catching sight of the prison van Wood broke into a run, mounted the steps of the vehicle without assistance, and was immediately lost to view. The crowd surged round the van and kept up a prolonged yell. The horse became frightened at this demonstration and began to back. This only excited the crowd the more, and they closed round shouting, "Over with it," "Turn it over," "Let's have him!" At last the police succeeded in making an opening, and then the prison van started on its journey for Lewes Gaol.

SUPPOSED MURDER OF A WOMAN.

Some days ago an elderly woman, named Jane Robertson, or Simpson, wife of a barber, was found lying behind a public-house, in Wishaw, Lanarkshire, with her head and face much cut. It was believed that the injuries were accidental, but death resulting, a post-mortem examination showed that she had been subjected to terrible violence, internal injuries having caused death. Two gold rings which she had worn were missing. Three young miners, named John Grey, John McFarlane, and Thomas Muir, of Wishaw, were charged with the murder, and they were remitted to the sheriff's court.

PHYSICAL TRAINING OF SOLDIERS.

Major-general F. Hammett presided at a gathering of officers in the Aldershot Gymnasium, when Colonel G. M. Fox, inspector of Army gymnasia, delivered an address on the "Physical Training of British Soldiers." Colonel Fox suggested that a regular system should be instituted for every man in the British Army, and which should be worked conjointly with the other drill. The gymnastic department should be worked on lines similar to the School of Musketry at Hythe, responsible only for the general supervision of the training and the supply of instructors to regiments. He put a squad of recruits from the Northampton Regiment through a course similar to that which he suggested.

Mr. Sedger is parting with the Prince of Wales' Theatre to a syndicate management, to whom he sells the lease, and the eighteenth year still to run, for £5,000.

The first novelty under the new direction which includes Mr. George Edwardes, will be the burlesque of "Blue-eyed Susan," originally designed for production at the Shaftesbury, which will now see the light at the Prince of Wales' Theatre on January 17th.—"Joan of Arc" will go to the Shaftesbury on the 21st inst., leaving the Gailey Place for the "Cinderella" Ellen.

At the next melodrama Mrs. Sime and Butcher will furnish for the Adelphi during probably Easter, will be noticed in its incidents and characters.

Mrs. Bernard Beale sails in January for Australia to fulfil engagements there.

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A Nihilist PROCLAMATION.

A proclamation peremptorily demanding a Parliament for Russia has been published by the Nihilists, and a copy conveyed by some means to the Czar. The gist of it is as follows:—"The present famine in Russia is an inevitable consequence of the system of government, to whom he sells the lease, and the eighteenth year still to run, for £5,000. The first novelty under the new direction which includes Mr. George Edwardes, will be the burlesque of "Blue-eyed Susan," originally designed for production at the Shaftesbury, which will now see the light at the Prince of Wales' Theatre on January 17th.—"Joan of Arc" will go to the Shaftesbury on the 21st inst., leaving the Gailey Place for the "Cinderella" Ellen.

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THE OUTLYING THEATRES.

THE PANTOMIMES, 1891-92.

There will in all probability be twelve pantomimes running at the above theatres this Yuletide, a slight increase on the number produced last year. There will be no less than three on the tables—"Dick Whittington," the adventures of "Robinson Crusoe," have also been utilised in three instances, while the favourite theme, "Aladdin," does not appear to be quite so popular this year, there being only one pantomime promising that title. China is also the case with the "Cinderella" and "Little Bo-peep" legends. The following list gives particulars of the individual productions:—Britannia, "The Old Spice of the Sea"; Elephant and Castle, "Little Bo-peep"; Grand, "Whittington and His Cat"; Greenwich, "Aladdin"; Lucifer, Hammermith, "Dick Whittington"; Maypole; "Robinson Crusoe"; Novelty, "Cinderella"; Parkhurst, "Robinson Crusoe"; Pavilion, "Little Red Riding Hood"; Stamford, "Robinson Crusoe"; Stratford, "Dick Whittington"; Surrey, "The Fair One with the Golden Locks." With the exception of the Greenwich and Standard annuals, which will be brought out on Christmas Eve, all the pantomimes are to be produced on Boxing morning. There will be no pantomime proper at Sanger's this year, but a grand diversion, entitled "St. Petersburg at Christmas," to be given, Saturday, December 22nd.

THE WHALLEY FRAUDS.

In the Chancery Court, Liverpool, before Vice-chancellor Bristow, the motion of Brewer v. Haydock, arising out of the Whalley frauds, came on for hearing.—Mr. Kotch, for the plaintiff, said that on October 15th, the date of Mr. Whalley's death, Messrs. Entwistle and Kenyon of Accrington, owed him £1,000, and Mr. Whalley owed Dr. Pilkington's executors a very considerable amount, believed to be between £5,000 and £6,000. On November 4th Dr. Pilkington's executors executed an assignment of £1,200, a portion of Mr. Whalley's indebtedness to them, to Messrs. Entwistle and Kenyon, and those gentlemen now endeavoured to set off the monies assigned to them as against the debts which they owed to Mr. Whalley, and that was their answer to the present action. After some discussion, however, it had been agreed, subject to the sanction of the court, that the master should be compromised by Messrs. Entwistle and Kenyon paying to Whalley's estate £250 in settlement, the remainder to be retained by Dr. Pilkington's executors.

The trouble with hepatic or liver complaints is that they disorganise all the functions of the body, and both health and strength, as well as all sorts of vital processes, are impaired. We wish to inform you of the value of "Fraser's Sulphur Tablets" in the treatment of these diseases. The tablets are stimulant to the peristaltic or worm-like motion of the intestines; they are therefore a gentle laxative, safe and beneficial.

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.—(Continued).

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Gates Open at Minutes
from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m.
SHROPSHIRE,
STAFFORDSHIRE, & CHESHIRE.
TICKET OFFICES, 10½ P.M.,
MORNING PERIOD.
SIXTY-FIVE MINUTES
from Alderton to
KINSEY HILL.
NATIONAL ATLANTIC GROUNDS
CHALK FARM.
NEW FOREST HILL, Epsom Park and the Biological
SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.
SHERBURY and WELLS.
For the Agricultural Society's Fair.
H A R R I E T,
M A R K E T,
In connection with
the County Show.
SIXTY-FIVE MINUTES
from Alderton to
CHINGFORD
(For Epping Forest, etc.)
SIXTY-FIVE MINUTES
from Alderton to
WILLENDEN JUNCTION.
Every Half Hour
E. & S. L. T. & C.
Over New Garthorn.
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South Kensington and Natural History Museum, with a
train service in connection with the
CRYSTAL PALACE.
Every Hour.
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B R O M C O M P .
For
Bromley Station and Hampton Court.
From and to
Pimlico Park.
Highgate Station and Green, New Barnet,
Harrow, and Hendon.
G. ROLLAND NEWTON, General Manager.
Southgate Station, December, 1891.

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IN TOYS, DOLLS, BOOKS, AND USEFUL
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TACKING MACHINE, Mechanical Figure, Aeroplane
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All the Newest Christmas Cards and Novelties.

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Assortment of Special Articles.

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CHARITY PURPOSES or very Special Prices.

Winter Hours of Closing: Saturday, 12 o'clock; Other
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Keeps for any length of time.

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Forty Pounds of prime fresh beef are used to make
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The People.

OFFICES: MILFORD-LANE, STRAND, W.C.

"IN THE MIDDLE ORDER OF MANKIND ARE
GENERALLY TO BE FOUND ALL THE ARTS,
WISDOM, AND VIRTUE OF SOCIETY. THIS
ORDER ALONE IS KNOWN TO BE THE TRUE
FREEDOM OF FREEDOM, AND MAY BE
CALLED 'THE PEOPLE.'—Viceroy of Water-
ford, chap. 19."

PENSIONS FOR WORKING MEN.

Speaking at Edinburgh on Tuesday last, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN referred to a topic with which his own name has been particularly connected—that, namely, of pecuniary provision for old age among our working classes. As to the abstract desirability of the establishment of a system by which the working man should be insured against the haunting dread of poverty when he is past his work, there cannot be two opinions. If every working man could look forward to the receipt of such a pension we could close, or almost close, our workhouses, and the most important of all social problems would be practically solved for all time. But the question which vexes Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, like other public men, is: "How far is such a system practically attainable?" Mr. CHAMBERLAIN asked his audience at Edinburgh how many of them could look forward to an income of even five shillings a week after the age of sixty-five. Only three hands were held up in response to that appeal; and probably that gives a fairly accurate measure of the existing condition of things all over the country. Nevertheless, as things stand at present, the working man has ample opportunities afforded him for the exercise of his absolute security for the payment of interest on every pound he may invest in it; and the facilities afforded by that department for the purchase of

consols still further extends the possibilities open to him. Besides, there is no lack of other safe investments for small savings. The fact is that the British working man, like his German brother, of whom Prince BISMARCK recently spoke, does not care to begin to save in early life. He will not look forty years ahead. It would seem, therefore, that any system of State assistance would be unpopular with a democratic electorate if it did not throw the whole burden of responsibility on the taxpayer—which would be essentially unfair. We cannot help coming to the conclusion that the working classes do not really demand any such system of compulsory provision for old age. For if they did they would avail themselves more freely of the existing facilities in that direction.

LIONS AND LAMBS.

SIR GEORGE TANVELIAN, although he deserted what he rashly took to be the sinking ship of Unionism, has never been as rabid a Separatist as some of his present colleagues. He has just been giving the people of Manchester his views on the position and prospects of Home Rule. Sir GEORGE argues that the situation now offers exceptional opportunities for a return of the Liberal Unionist to the Gladstonian fold. As Sir GEORGE truly says, the Liberal Unionists rebelled against Mr. GLADSTONE because they did not believe that the Irish people and their representatives were fit for self-government; because, as he puts it, "of the violence of a considerable number among them." Sir GEORGE goes on to say that the Liberal Unionist action was "dignified and justified" by that feeling on their part. Now, however, as he argues, all that is changed, and circumstances have knocked the bottom out of the Liberal Unionist argument.

Violence, he would have us believe, has been eliminated from the Irish party by the death of Mr. PARTRIDGE and the partial collapse of his faithful followers. Now, therefore, that the lion of Fenianism and "physical force" has been expelled from the party, the lambs of the MCARTHY following may well receive the Liberal Unionists back into the fold without any sacrifice of principle on the part of the latter. But how far is this alleged change in the composition of the Nationalist party true? Have we not Mr. MICHAEL DAVID standing for Watertown? And who is Mr. DAVID? An ex-Fenian, who has ever gloried in his Fenianism; the friend and apologist of that "Christian and philanthropist" PATRICK FORD; the man who told the Special Commission that he "wished to God" he could obtain the independence of Ireland to-morrow. Then there is Mr. DILLON, who has taken no more trouble than Mr. DAVID to conceal his extreme sentiments. In short, what ground is there for thinking that violence has been eliminated from the Irish party? We submit that there is no ground whatever for believing that the Irish party is anything but what it has always been, or that the Liberal Unionists have any reason to believe that the lion has given place to the lamb.

THE STATE OF RUSSIA.

As winter advances the situation in Russia becomes more and more gloomy. The vast Muscovite empire is smitten throughout large, and increasingly large, tracts of its vast area with the plague of famine. The wretched peasants are dying by thousands, and the pecuniary and executive resources of the Government of St. Petersburg are taxed to the utmost to mitigate the ever-growing distress. At the same time, it is well known that the finances of the empire are in a more than ordinarily bad state. The revenue from taxation has decreased enormously during the past few months, and it is hardly to be expected that the famine-stricken provinces will contribute anything to the Imperial revenue for many months to come. Abroad, the credit of Russia is at the lowest ebb. She cannot borrow; for even the French financiers who contrived the very doubtful success of the last Russian loan would hardly risk another venture of the same kind; and it would be hopeless for Russia to apply for money elsewhere. Bad as this state of things is, and terrible as the sufferings of the unfortunate Russian peasantry must be, it should not be forgotten that there is a worse thing even than the present distress in Russia, which has, for the past twenty years, been a perpetual menace to the tranquillity of Europe. That is the prospect of war, and of such a war as the world has never yet seen. There can be no doubt that the only consideration which has really kept the peace hitherto is the consciousness of the awful character of the future conflict. That consideration can only restrain the nations so long as no one of them feels stronger than the rest. Therefore, anything which tends to retard the completion of those elaborate military preparations which Russia has long been making is so much gain to the cause of peace. "Of two evils," says the proverb, "choose the less;" and it is certainly a less evil that the unhappy peasantry of Russia should perish by thousands than that Europe should be plunged into a war of unprecedented horror.

COSTS OF THE CATHCART INQUIRY.

Judgment was given in the Court of Appeal in the case of v. Cathcart, on which their Lordships reserved judgment. This was an application by Mr. Cathcart, under Section 106 of the Lunacy Act of 1891, that the court should exercise its discretion and order the costs of the lunacy inquiry to be paid out of the estate of the alleged lunatic. The court ordered the costs of the inquiry to come out of the estate.

At the Liverpool Assizes on Thursday, no less than ten men and ten women were brought up for sentence, having been previously convicted of coining, uttering, or being in the possession of base coin at Liverpool, Manchester, and Widnes. Sentences varying from seven years' penal servitude to eighteen months' imprisonment were passed

MRS. HARGREAVE'S PEARLS.
CURIOUS ACTION FOR SLANDER.

REMARKABLE ALLEGATIONS.

In the Queen's Bench Division, before Mr. Justice Denman and a special jury, the case of Osborne v. Hargreave, came on for hearing. Great interest was manifested in the action, and the court was crowded with both ladies and gentlemen. Sir Charles Hume, Q.C., M.P., Mr. Charles Mathews, and Mr. Lewis Coward appeared for the plaintiff; the defendants, Mrs. Hargreave and her husband, Major Hargreave, were represented by the Solicitor-general (Sir E. Clarke, Q.C., M.P.), Mr. Cook, Q.C., and Mr. G. Elliott.

Sir C. Russell's Opening.

Sir Charles Russell, in opening the case, said that Mrs. Osborne, the plaintiff, formerly a Miss Elliott, was the daughter of a member

of the bar and the sister of a member of the bar. The defendant was a Mrs. Hargreave, the wife of Major Hargreave, her second husband, who was joined with her in that case as a defendant. One other person in the drama must be mentioned, because he occupied a somewhat prominent position—Mr. Engleheart, who seemed to have been a very intimate friend of Mrs. and Major Hargreave. The general charge was that between Sunday evening, the 5th of February, and the 20th of February, 1890, the plaintiff stole from out of the custody of Mrs. Hargreave certain valuable pearls; that on the 19th she sold these pearls receiving in payment a crossed cheque for £250; that four days afterwards she took the cheque to the bank for payment; that, finding it could not be cashed across the counter on account of its being crossed, she returned to the person to whom she had sold the pearls and that the person complained, altered it to one payable to herself; and that she then returned to the bank and had the cheque cashed in sovereigns, which she took away with her. Mrs. Osborne, as she now was, and was the second cousin of Mrs. Hargreave. Considerable intimacy existed between the families until some seven or eight years ago, when an estrangement occurred mainly at the instance of the mother of Mrs. Osborne. However, in 1880 explanations were made and the intimacy was resumed, the defendant in June, 1890, coming to visit the plaintiff, her brother and sister, at The Boltons, South Kensington. In January, 1890, died Mrs. Martin, the grandmother of Mrs. Hargreave and the great aunt of Mrs. Osborne. She had lived at a place called Collingwood, at Torquay, and on her death Mrs. Hargreave became possessed on a number of

ARTICLES OF CONSIDERABLE VALUE,

including brooches, diamond earrings, and pearls. The plaintiff having been several times invited to visit her cousin at Shirley, Torquay, went there on the 9th of February, the visit ending on the 18th. There were two facts in the case that might become of importance. The first was that it was admitted by the defendants that the last time Major Hargreave saw the pearls was on the 3rd of February, and that the last time Mrs. Hargreave saw them was on the 4th, and therefore it was not alleged that they ever saw the pearls in question at the house at Shirley during the visit of Mrs. Osborne. On the 10th of February Major Hargreave left for Aix-la-Chapelle. On the 10th of February, after the plaintiff's arrival, she was requested by Mrs. Hargreave, and yielded to the request, to accompany her to a certain local photographer's—Cox and Duran—where they had their likenesses taken. It would appear that on that day, while they were dressing to go to the photographer's,

after the plaintiff's arrival, she was requested by Mrs. Hargreave, and yielded to the request, to accompany her to a certain local photographer's—Cox and Duran—where they had their likenesses taken. It would appear that on that day, while they were dressing to go to the photographer's, Mrs. Hargreave showed the plaintiff an old table or escritoire, and opening a secret drawer said, "That's the place where I keep my diamonds." She showed the plaintiff a brooch, and having closed the drawer again she remarked, "My things are quite safe. There are only five people who know of this drawer, myself, and at that time Mrs. Osborne was wearing what was struck the fancy of Mrs. Hargreave, and she asked to have a copy of it, and at that time Mrs. Osborne was wearing what was a broad-leaved hat, to which Mrs. Hargreave took a fancy, and which was left behind when Mrs. Osborne left Torquay. During the whole of the visit, Mrs. Osborne would tell them that on one occasion only was she left alone in the house, and that was on Sunday, the 15th of February, when it appeared that Mrs. Hargreave had received some distressing news about her brother, and told Mrs. Osborne that she should go and consult Mr. Engleheart about it. Upon the 18th Mrs. Osborne returned to town, and having no money, being in circumstances which she described at the time as "hard up," she asked Mrs. Hargreave for 10s. to "tip" the servants. Then Mrs. Osborne volunteered to lend her 20s., and so the visit came to an end. On her return to The Boltons, on the 18th, Mrs. Osborne found her brother at home. Her sister Evelyn was at Hastings with a friend, Miss Dashwood, and they returned to town the following evening, February 19th. He wished at that point to put forward two statements—first of all what was undoubtedly true, viz., what happened on the 19th, and next a statement as to the position and occupation, and the acts of the plaintiff on that day.

THE SALE OF PEARLS.

On that day it was unquestionably true that a lady went to the house of Messrs. Spink and Co., tradesmen in Gracechurch-street, and that at some time or other during the business hours of the day she produced to Mr. Spink two large and valuable pearls. It was also true that on that day the person, whoever she was, gave to Mr. Spink the name of Miss A. Price, at 14, Hyde Park Gardens, which address was written in the business book after the receipt "Received, in payment for pearls, cheque for £250." She also gave an address of Redcliffe or Radcliffe Hall, Bradford, as her country address. The latter address was given under circumstances which in themselves were somewhat peculiar, and which in the course of that case would have to be inquired into. The lady having given the address, and that, under cir-

cumstances that would need some explanation, the latter complaisantly altered the cheque so as to make it payable to herself, and the cheque was drawn in payment for property bought from a lady who had given an address in London which could not be identified in the Directory; and that knew that after that was done the lady returned to the bank, and across the counter received

£50 OVERDRAFTS IN A BAG.

Now he came to the movements of Mrs. Osborne on that day. They would recollect that Miss Dashwood, returned on that day, Mrs. Osborne was ill, and was not out of her house during the entire day. That would be established not merely by her own testimony, but by that of Miss Dashwood. She was ill so that though her brother, Mr. Hugh Elliott, had taken a box at the theatre that night she was unable to accompany him there. On that evening, Evelyn, her sister, returned from Hastings. On the 24th or 25th of February she received a letter from Mrs. Hargreave stating that the police at Torquay had been consulted about the loss of the jewels. On the 26th a letter came from a daughter of Mrs. Hargreave also telling the story of what was being done by the police. Next day the plaintiff wrote a reply in which she made known her distress about Mrs. Hargreave, and wished that she could be with her. "I cannot help thinking," she said, "that they (the pearls) have been mislaid. No one, if they had attempted to rob, would have taken only those pearls. Do let me hear again, for I am so anxious. I dreamt two nights ago that they were found in the dining-room cupboard. It is a most mysterious and extraordinary disappearance. I wish wise women lived in these days who could explain it. On the 27th February Mrs. Hargreave wrote a letter beginning "My darling Ethel," in which she said, "The police are quite at a loss. It is a most mysterious thing. They are positive that no ordinary burglar has done it, and that no one of that class would have taken that thing and not the others. Besides they have elsewhere been described as being as large as alabarts. The jewels were then passed round to the jury, and the question of their safe custody arose, as there were now in "in" and "out" for the time being had become the property of the court. So the pearls had been lost on the occasion of a visit to the witness in London was then made, but very little turned upon it, and the interest of the court was next aroused by the production of

THE IDENTICAL PEARLS.

which are the cause of all the trouble. They were handed up to the judge who, after curiously scanning them, remarked that they were like small bird's eggs in shape. They have elsewhere been described as being as large as alabarts. The jewels were then passed round to the jury, and the question of their safe custody arose, as there were now in "in" and "out" for the time being had become the property of the court. So the pearls had been handed over to the associate. At this point a diversion was effected by the discovery made by the judge that certain learned counsel, whose reason for being in court had not been cultivating or exercising their artistic talents by making or endeavouring to make sketches of the witness. A certain learned judge on one occasion, when examining on account of the presence of juniors in a case where their assistance was not presumed to be vital to the cause at issue, said that it was necessary to "water the young plant," and it is probable from this consideration that causes célèbres are allowed to be used for the purpose of fostering and nurturing the budding abilities of aspirants to forensic honours. The keen eye of Mr. Justice Denman, however, detected the gentlemen of the long robe engaged in another pursuit, and in a few brief stern words he called attention to the fact, and added the plain and perspicuous injunction to the officials of the bar who might be mentioned as a visitor to the court—the learned counsel, whose reason for being in court had not been cultivating or exercising their artistic talents by making or endeavouring to make sketches of the witness. The command had the desired effect. The pens and pencils of the legal artists were hastily put away, and the task of delineating the features of the prominent personages in the court was left to the professional representatives of the illustrated journals, and the bar of England was thus saved from such a prostration of its social position. The witness's cross-examination being resumed, she was unable to remember how it was explained that Mr. Engleheart became possessed of the knowledge of

THE SECRET DRAWER.

She was next closely questioned as to her movements at Shirley on the evening preceding her departure, and explained her going upstairs to her room before her usual hour of retiring by the fact that she was going to take a bath, and she absolutely denied that the nurse, Avant, had found her outside her room upon the landing. The rest of the cross-examination was directed to testing the witness's recollection as to the events of the 19th and the 23rd of February, but in every instance—viz., as to the visits to Madame Pauncelot's and to Messrs. Whittingham and Humphreys—she adhered to her original statements. Upon the subject of the dress which the lady who went to Spink and Co. was wearing, she stated that she had not the faintest idea of what it was, and that she was

expressed by the judge that certain learned counsel, whose reason for being in court had not been cultivating or exercising their artistic talents by making or endeavouring to make sketches of the witness. The witness's cross-examination was directed to testing the witness's recollection as to the events of the 19th and the 23rd of February, but in every instance—viz., as to the visits to Madame Pauncelot's and to Messrs. Whittingham and Humphreys—she adhered to her original statements. Upon the subject of the dress which the lady who went to Spink and Co. was wearing, she stated that she had not the faintest idea of what it was, and that she was

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THE FLORENCE ST. JOHN DIVORCE SUIT.

Miss St. John, who was neatly attired in blue, with a red pink coloured silk bodice, and wore another hat of a fashionable shape, and Mr. Marius were early in attendance on the 12th inst., and took their seats in front of their respective counsel in the well of the court.

MISS ST. JOHN FURTHER EXAMINED.

Miss St. John was then recalled. In answer to Mr. Inderwick, she said: I made the acquaintance of the Cohen family in 1887, when I was at Brighton. The Misses Cohen were very kind to me. I made the acquaintance of their father and mother. I introduced my husband to them. My friendship with the Cohen family has continued down to the present time. One of the daughters is married and the others are single. I have been recently on a visit to the married daughter.—When did you first see Mr. Arthur Cohen? At Brighton. I saw him once.—Then you afterwards saw him at Monte Carlo? Yes; he stayed at the hotel. Mr. Cohen was one of the party at the ball at Nice. He was also present at the carnival.—Mr. Cohen had left Monte Carlo, I believe, before your husband arrived? Oh, yes; Mr. Cohen left in February; and Mr. Marius did not come till March.—Something has been said about Mr. Cohen having bought you a gold purse. Have you got it here? I have (purse produced).—Its value has been estimated at about £300? I should question whether it is worth £10.—Mr. Gill: It is admitted that I made a mistake about it. My friend must, of course, have all the benefit of it.—Mr. Inderwick: I won't pursue it then.—Examination continued: Will you tell me how it was that Mr. Cohen was introduced to Mr. Marius? You have heard the account that Mr. Marius gave about driving in the brougham and meeting Mr. Marks and Mr. Cohen. Is that accurate? No.

MR. MARIUS IS MISTAKEN about that. I remember seeing Marks and Cohen together, but that was after the introduction.—When did the introduction take place? When I was at Bath.—I told Mr. Marius that I had made the acquaintance of Mr. Cohen. Marius said when we get back you must write and ask him to come and see us. I wrote to Mr. Cohen when I returned, and he accepted the invitation, but as Mr. Marius was playing at the time I wrote and said that Sunday was a more convenient day. Mr. Cohen called on a Sunday. The conversation turned upon theatre, and I said I should like to see "Sweet Lavender." Mr. Cohen said that he would get a box and we would go. Cohen did so, and we arranged to go to the Hotel Bristol before going to the theatre. We found that the place began earlier than we expected, and we wired to Cohen, and he came on and joined us in the box. We subsequently arranged to go and see Mrs. Kendal at St. James's. Mr. Marius was playing at the time and could not go. Mr. Cohen came for me at Wellington-road. I had a few words with my husband before he arrived. When Cohen came Marius said,

"My Wife Was DISCOVERED Me," and I refuse to let her go to the theatre." I said I should go. He turned to Cohen and said, "I wish you not to take my wife to the theatre." Mr. Marius then left to keep his engagement. I sent a note to Mr. Marius, and he sent a message to us to wire to meet him at the Opera Comique. We did meet him there and had supper at a restaurant called the Rosedene. We afterwards went to the theatre, and then dropped Mr. Cohen at his club and went home. On another occasion we dined at the Bristol, and on another at the Café Royal. All these dinners were in public rooms.—Can you say on how many occasions Mr. Cohen was at No. 57, Wellington-road? I should think about six or seven. Sometimes he would call when I did not see him, and would leave his card.—Have you seen him at your mother's? At No. 65? I did on one occasion, when I said to him, "Why have you called here?" and he replied, "Oh, Marius sent me up."—Have you seen him there on other occasions? Oh, yes; in the middle of the day.—How many times have you seen him there from first to last? Six, or perhaps more. He called to consult my brother, and is still one of his patients.—The girl examined yesterday said that Cohen used to give a signal as he passed No. 57 for you to go to your mother's. Is that true? No, it is not true. But he used to go past my place to go to Mr. Marius's house, Laudon Hall, which is at the back of my mother's house. He frequently went to his friend Marks.—And

HE MADE NO SIGNAL or indication that you were to go to your mother's? Never. I have been out in the garden at times, and may have spoken to my brother. The garden at my mother's is only two or three houses off. My brother could hardly have come over the garden wall, although I believe the gardener sometimes came over the wall.—On July 28th, 1888, it is said you met Mr. Cohen at Wellington-road. Where were you on the 28th? I was at Brighton.—And you have reason to remember the date? Yes, I had business there.—Was Mr. Marius with you? He was at Brighton.—Have you been at Cohen's apartment in Bond-street? I have, four or five times. I have been there with Mr. Marius. I went there on one occasion when Cohen gave a supper. I went with a party. My mother and brother were there. That was after we had separated.—Have you ever been there alone with him? Never. I heard Hubble's evidence. I gave her notice to leave.—Why? She was always reading novels. She never would do her work.—Is it a fact that Mr. Cohen came there one evening with your mother and brother, and you were having supper together? He may have done so.

IT IS NOT TRUE that I sent the girls to bed, and then let Mr. Cohen in. There is not the slightest pretence for a suggestion of the kind. When I was playing one servant would invariably sit up for me. At this time I was nursing Miss Rayson, who was a member of my profession. She died of consumption. (Here the witness wept.) I sometimes sat up late with her. There is not truth in Lizzie Hubble's story about my putting on a dress-up gown, and going downstairs as she described, or that I gave her instructions to send Cohen round to my mother's house. Cohen only called once at my house at Brighton. There never was an occasion when my mother locked Cohen and myself in a room together and walked about the house with the boys.—Did Mr. Marius come to your mother's house after the separation for anything? I believe he went there to see the child. I was then living there, but was not at home when he came. He saw the child.—When was that? Some time after the separation, but in the same year.—Did you hear the evidence of the dresser Bruce? Yes.—Is there a truth in what you ever said Mrs. Eggers out of your room in order that you and Cohen might be there alone? No.—Has he ever been there when you have been dressing or undressing? (Emphatically) NEVER.

—You heard from Mr. Edwards that there were nearly 200 people engaged in the theatre for both "Faust" and "Carmen." Is that accurate? Yes.—Your room being on the stage floor, would there be a number of persons going about? Yes, and they nearly all had to pass my room going from one side of the stage to the other. It is near the staircase which goes both up and down.—Do you remember Mr. Haskins play? The part of Old

Faust? Yes.—Did that continue as long as he was playing? Yes.—Mr. Edwards thought that the part was out? He was mistaken. I think he said that he was under the impression it was out.—Was Mrs. Eggers your dresser? Yes, during the two pieces and while on tour. She was a servant of a lady; but I used to give her needlework in her spare time. She did not dress anybody but me.—Has Mr. Cohen visited you?

IN YOUR DRESSING ROOM when you have completed your dressing? Oh, yes.—Is there some arrangement by which your articles of toilette are stored away in some place with a curtain before it? Yes; it is not very large—just enough to hang the dresses up in. The dressing-room then appears to be a sitting-room with a table and a small settee, it is not a sofa.—In addition to Mr. Cohen, did other gentlemen come there? Regularly, with the knowledge of Mr. Edwards. Friends of Mr. Edwards myself. Mr. Edwards used to come himself.—Have you ever been in there alone with any gentleman? No, sir.—Did ladies come? Yes.—By what name were you called in addition to Mr. Cohen? Jack or Florence.—And under what name was Mr. Cohen known at the Gastry? I suppose they called him Mr. Cohen.—Do you mean his friends? They would call him Arthur. I called Mr. Edwards George, and not Mr. Edwards.—That is

THE CUSTOM OF THE THEATRE? It is so.—Was it your habit to go home to supper or to sup before going home? It all depended, but as a rule I supped before going home.—On those occasions I supped principally at Gow's, but also at other places. I have supped with Mr. Cohen and other persons.—Have you ever supped alone with Mr. Cohen? In a public room, yes. I have very often had a lady friend with me.—Have you ever supped in a private room at all? Never.—With regard to the presents, you have told us what you received from Cohen. Have you received a considerable number of presents from other persons? I have.—I was not able to give particulars at the time because I did not know, but did you, in October, 1889, have your jewels stolen? Some of them, to the value of about £2,000.—Where were they stolen from? They were taken out of the cab while I was on tour in Edinburgh.—Have you ever had money from Cohen? Never.—His Lordship: Your husband says that the party was a more convenient day. Mr. Cohen called on a Sunday. The conversation turned upon theatre, and I said I should like to see "Sweet Lavender." Mr. Cohen said that he would get a box and we would go. Cohen did so, and we arranged to go to the Hotel Bristol before going to the theatre. We found that the place began earlier than we expected, and we wired to Cohen, and he came on and joined us in the box. We subsequently arranged to go and see Mrs. Kendal at St. James's. Mr. Marius was playing at the time and could not go. Mr. Cohen came for me at Wellington-road. I had a few words with my husband before he arrived. When Cohen came Marius said,

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A LIST OF YOUR JEWELS? Not of all. Some years before the marriage I had an inventory made.—So that it did not represent the jewels you had at the time? No.—Mr. Inderwick: I think some newspaper suggested that the loss of the jewels was an advertisement and not a fact. I brought a libel action against it.—I think it may take it that you played at the Gastry from October, 1888, down to the end of June, 1889? Yes. And then I went on tour with Mrs. Eggers as my dresser. In September, 1889, I had an attack of typhoid, which confined me to the house for about thirteen weeks.—While you were on tour did you see anything of Mr. Cohen? No. I was first taken ill in Liverpool at the end of the year. I went to America. I was seen off by a party of friends. A number of people came to see me and wish me "God speed."—Was Mr. Cohen amongst the party? Yes, and Mr. Edwards and others. I returned from America in July, 1890, had a welcome home. I was received by a large gathering of friends.—While you were in America did you correspond with Mr. Cohen? Yes; in a general way. When I left Wellington-road in October, 1888, I gave up my stables. I had at that time a party of friends. A number of people came to see me and wish me "God speed."—Was Mr. Cohen amongst the party? Yes, and Mr. Edwards and others. I was with them to the theatre. Gentlemen and ladies came to the dressing-room during the waits while Miss St. John was on the boards.—Cross-examined by Mr. Gill: She was a great personal friend of Miss St. John's, and had been both to her parents' house. A friendship had existed between her parents and Miss St. John down to the present time. She had not seen the slightest thing between them that would raise suspicion in her mind. Had there been she would not have continued her acquaintance.—Eleanor Armstrong examined for Mr. Henry Ki-chi, said she had remained for some time with Miss St. John at 111, Oxford-street, during Miss St. John's married life, and often stayed with her in Wellington-road. She remembered being there on one occasion when Mr. Arthur Cohen came there. Mr. Marius was present.

THEY WERE FRIENDLY. She was present on several occasions when Mr. Cohen called, but there was nothing in his manner towards Miss St. John that aroused any suspicion, nor did she notice anything that called for observation. She had several times accompanied Miss St. John to the theatre. Gentlemen and ladies came to the dressing-room during the waits while Miss St. John was on the boards.—Cross-examined by Mr. Gill: She was a great personal friend of Miss St. John's, and had been for a very long time. She knew that Miss St. John used to dine with Cohen, and had been with them to dinner. She knew that Cohen sometimes drove Miss St. John from the theatre to which witness went nearly every night. Cohen sometimes drove her home, but witness was always present on such occasions. She never knew her to dine alone with Mr. Cohen.

AS ACTRESS'S TESTIMONY. Miss Gertrude Capelli was the next witness, and was examined by Mr. Kisch. She said that she was a vocalist and actress, and had known Miss St. John for about two and a half years. She accompanied her on a tour in 1889, and during that time was always with her. During that time Miss St. John did not see Mr. Cohen at all. She went with Miss St. John to America. After they came back she stayed with Miss St. John for a time, and used to accompany her to the theatre, and always went home with her. She never saw anything in Miss St. John's conduct to prove observation. She had been a good deal in Miss St. John's company. She went with her on her American tour. Mr. Cohen saw Miss St. John of. She thought Mr. Cohen admired Miss St. John—like most people. She had also lunch with Mr. Cohen and Miss St. John.—Florence Heaps said that she had known Mr. Cohen for about 16 years, and had sometimes stayed with her. From Christmas 1888, during the spring of 1889, she resided with her entirely. She went to America with her, and on her return again went to live with her. She went to the theatre with her in the evening, and often stayed in the dressing-room with her. Mr. Cohen sometimes called upon Miss St. John at intervals of about a week. He never stayed long. Witness had never noticed any familiarity between them.—Cross-examined by Mr. Gill: There was more than one interval when Mr. Cohen did not call. She had known Mr. Cohen drive Miss St. John home, and dine with her. She had not seen any of the presents Mr. Cohen had given her. There was no reason for witness to be in the room when Mr. Cohen called.

DEPOSITIONS OF MR. MAYER. Mr. Kisch then read the deposition of Mr. Mayer. In it the deponent said he was a theatrical manager in New York and had an office in the Strand. He was well acquainted with the petitioner, and in 1889 had the management of an American tour in which she was engaged. The respondent came to deponent to arrange a meeting between Miss St. John and himself. Respondent made no complaint against petitioner at any of the interviews of which there were several. Deponent approached the petitioner with an endeavour to bring about a reconciliation, but she declined. Subsequently respondent said certain notices referred to Miss Luelia and himself. There was a notice in an American paper that Miss St. John was very much obliged to Miss Luelia for the kind care and attention she had paid to M. Marius during her absence (Laughter). She started from America in deponent's care. He left her on the steamer at Liverpool. Miss St. John wanted to leave the steamer with him, but the captain would not allow it. He was sure she would have told him. He had seen them together on three or four occasions, and she acted towards him as a lady should to a gentleman. He had observed nothing in her conduct different from that of other actresses. It was a common custom for leading actresses to receive their friends in their dressing-rooms. The petitioner to the deponent that the respondent had struck her, and that was the cause of the separation.—In cross-examination the deponent stated that he did not ask the respondent whether he had any complaint against his wife.—The court then adjourned.

CROSS-EXAMINATION.

—Cross-examined by Mr. Gill: He began life in a lawyer's office. He had no journalistic experience before joining the Financial News; but he knew shorthand. He had 30s. a week at first and commission on the sale of the paper through reporting meetings.—Did you report more gold mining meetings than other company meetings? It was by a gradual process that I became sub-editor. It was no part of my duty to instruct correspondents as to investments. It was not part of my duty to instruct correspondents as to investments. It was not part of my duty to interview promoters of public companies. I have never had to do with promoting a public company. I did have part of the preliminary expenses of

there is a difference.—Did you like him very much? I always liked him very much.—Always? Yes, as a friend.—Coming back to London, how soon do you say the introduction took place between your husband and Cohen? Within a week.—On your return the growth of your acquaintance with this young man was rapid? Yes. Witness added that she used to meet Cohen at Mrs. Haughton's, at Brighton, but it was not true that he "simply shadowed" her. It was true that Lizzie Hubble sometimes slept with her, but Hubble's story in other respects was all false, all perjury.—And your version of it is truth? It is. Witness added that Lizzie Hubble was impudent to her. She did not remember that she ever called Hubble a "fool." She denied that she ever used bad language to the servants. She had not kept any letters of Cohen at her, because she never kept letters. She had driven with him, dined with him, supped with him, gone to parties with him, and gone to balls with him. She had on two occasions dined with him at the Star and Garter, at Richmond, but she drove there and back with another gentleman, not with Cohen. In addition to the numerous presents from him that had been mentioned

special jury. The petitioner, Miss St. John, and the intervenor, Mr. A. Cohen, were present in court, but the respondent, Mr. Marius, was absent, his attendance having been excused on account of his theatrical duties. Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., Mr. P. Mr. Inderwick, Q.C., and Mr. H. Kisch appeared for the petitioner; Mr. Gill and Mr. Arthur Gill, instructed by Mr. Edward Kennedy, represented the respondent; and Mr. Studd was for the intervenor, Mr. Arthur Cohen, against whom certain allegations were made.

MEDICAL EVIDENCE.

—Dr. Lennox Browne, examined by Sir Charles Russell, said that he saw Miss St. John professionally on the 13th of May during the present year, and on subsequent occasions down to the 4th of June, in London. On one occasion he was called to the theatre to attend her when she was suffering from congestion of the lungs. She was very ill, and he drove home with her and a friend of hers, Miss Capelli.—Cross-examined by Mr. Gill: She was playing during that time, but on one night he advised her not to appear.

MISS ST. JOHN'S COSTUMES.

—Mrs. Nedland, cousin to Miss St. John, was called by Sir Charles Russell, and in answer to questions, said that she had received a subpoena from the respondent, Mr. Marius, and conduct money to pay her fare from Devonshire to London. She had asked for more, and had not got it. The witness was then examined as to the alleged cruelty on the 23rd of September, 1888, but on Mr. Gill objecting to fresh evidence being adduced the matter was not pressed.—Mrs. Greig, recalled by Sir Charles Russell, said she never on any occasion put any obstacle in the way of Mr. Marius seeing his child.—Mr. Gill: Seeing his child when you were present? Yes.—This concluded the case for the petitioner.

MR. COHEN IN THE BOX.

—Mr. Arthur Cohen, the intervenor, was then called and examined by Mr. Studd.—What is your age? 21. I was connected with the Financial News first as reporter and then as sub-editor. I resigned in March of this year. I made Miss St. John's acquaintance in the autumn of 1887. I was then in receipt of about £10 a week, £100 a month and £40 commission for introducing business. I met Miss St. John at Monte Carlo.—In the gambling-room? Yes. In the casino. It was the only place or resort there. On my return to London I saw Miss St. John somewhere about March, 1888. I received a letter from her saying that her husband wished to be introduced to me, and that she would be very pleased to see me. I called on the following Sunday and was introduced to Mr. Marius. The account given by Mr. Marius is the meeting in the brougham, which is correct.—According to the occasion when Mr. Marius objected to his taking Miss St. John to the theatre, witness said: When I called at Wellington-road, Marius walked up and down the room and said,

"MY WIFE HAS DISPOSED ME, and I don't wish her to go out to-night." I said, "It places me in a very awkward position." He replied, "That is all I have to say. I don't wish her to go out, of course you won't take her out?" I replied, "Certainly not." At this moment Miss St. John came down fully dressed and said, "Arthur, are you ready to take me out?" Marius replied, "I have told Mr. Cohen you have disposed of me and you are not to go out." Miss St. John said, "I have promised Mr. Cohen, and I think I shall go." Marius then put on his hat and rushed out of the house. Within five seconds he came back. He rushed into the room, put his hands upon my shoulders, and said, "MY WIFE HAS DISPOSED ME, and I don't wish her to go out to-night." I said, "It places me in a very awkward position." He replied, "That is all I have to say. I don't wish her to go out, of course you won't take her out?" I replied, "Certainly not." 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"THE PEOPLE" MIXTURE.

There were 2,323 births and 1,462 deaths in London last week.

There were four cases of suicide in London last week.

The death rate in Glasgow last week was twenty-six per 1,000 of the population.

Mr. Bailes, the late Postmaster-general, left a personal estate worth £14,757.

There were 345 deaths in London last week from diseases of the respiratory organs.

Russia is concentrating 80,000 men near Lublin for the purpose of winter manoeuvres.

Londoners consume water at the rate of 81,38 gallons per day per head of the population.

It is not generally known that Mr. Michael Davitt is a member of the Dublin Corporation.

We Londoners obtained 57,757,823 gallons of water daily from the Thames during November.

No fewer than forty-nine deaths in the metropolis last week were attributable to accident or negligence.

The Registrar-general informs us that eleven infants were suffocated in bed in London last week.

The Gladstonians are now (according to Mr. Cunningham Graham's latest dictum) "the capitalist party."

"Who," asks Sir George Trevelyan, "are the allies of the violent Irish at this moment? Why, the Irish Tories."

Next year the Polish ladies intend wearing nothing but black, to celebrate the centenary of their country's loss of freedom.

The two nurses who have nursed Prince George of Wales during his ill-natured members of the National Pension Fund.

Mr. Cooper and Mr. Bedwell, the Englishmen arrested as spies at St. Etienne, have been committed for trial.

Mr. Charles Booth estimates that for a sum of £17,000,000 annually £1 per cent could be given to every person in England over 65 years of age.

At a wedding just celebrated in a German village the bridegroom, an old soldier, was 96. Compared with this the bride was quite juvenile—only 82.

Mr. Charles Booth concludes that in the East-end only from 10 to 14 per cent of the pauperism and poverty is directly connected, and as much more indirectly connected, with drink.

Mr. Powell Williams tells the agricultural labourers that they cannot point to a single acre or inch of land that they have acquired through anything Mr. Gladstone ever did for them.

"I never," writes a correspondent of Mr. Gladstone's arrival at Paris, "saw him bear himself more erect, heard his voice more full and clear, or saw him generally in better form."

Mrs. Hodges Burnett has called a newsboy home that she has founded "Lionel's Home," to perpetuate the memory of her son Lionel, the original of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

There were 45 deaths from measles in London last week, 39 from scarlet fever, 23 from diphtheria, 56 from whooping-cough, 17 from enteric fever, and 16 from diarrhoea and dysentery.

The number of women students at the Swedish Universities is constantly increasing. Upsala University has thirteen women students, Lund eighteen; and the Carolines have eight pursuing the study of medicine.

Notwithstanding the reported spread of influenza within the metropolitan area, only eight fatal cases were primarily ascribed to this cause last week, the numbers in the two preceding returns having been thirteen and nine.

Shopping has arisen from a pastime to a profession. Women tell us that there are several thousand women in New York who live on the percentage allowed them by the big shops in which they spend other people's money.

Peter M'Lean, a hawker, about 50 years of age, was found dead in the star leading to the lodging-house in which he resided at Edinburgh. It seems that he had got up early in the morning, and raised his footings in going down.

Mr. Joseph Dudd, ex-M.P. for Stockton—and once a well-known figure in the House of Commons—is dead. He was elected when the borough was enfranchised in 1885, and sat till 1888, when he resigned, and was succeeded by Sir Horace Davey.

"I confess," says Mr. Cunningham, "I have, I look upon the rural conference, held in the sweet shades of the Holborn Restaurant, as a complete farce, and merely designed to capture the agricultural vote to play it against the Socialist vote of the artisans of the towns."

Mrs. O'Neil, wife of a Glasgow labourer, was left in her house alone for a while. When one of her sons returned he found his mother lying on her face on the floor with her feet towards the fire, and her clothing nearly all burned off. She expired before aid could be procured.

At Liverpool Assizes, Joseph Griffin was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour, for the manslaughter of Robert Hinchliffe. Prisoner and Hinchliffe had attended a funeral, and on returning got drunk and quarrelled. Prisoner stabbed Hinchliffe, who afterwards died in hospital.

Mr. John Redmond does not raise mirth with regard to Mr. Michael Davitt. He declares that for ten years he has lived upon a fictitious reputation, and that during that time he has been a thorn in the side of the Irish Parliamentary party and a source of trouble, embarrassment, and danger to their leader.

An woman passed the house of David Hulst, at Blackford, she heard some one moaning. Hulst was then found lying on the hearth, with his right arm and hand in the fire. All the clothes on his right side were burned, while his back and a part of his breast were scorched. When found he was still alive, but died ten minutes later.

The violence and disorder characterizing the Waterford election are by no means new phenomena in that city. It formerly enjoyed the honour of being represented by Mr. Bernal Osborne, who, after a contest there, wrote to a friend, "I am slowly recovering from the effects of a successful Irish election, in which, up to the present, only six deaths have occurred."

In a letter to the Duke of Portland, the Prince of Wales stated that the Princess of Wales will not be able to fulfil her arrangement to visit Workop and Welbeck, to which she had so much looked forward. The doctors, seeing the benefit of her presence at the bedside of Prince George, who is slowly but surely mending, approve her royal highness's determination not yet to leave him.

Miss Bevan, of Bexley, while hunting with the Pytchley hounds near Hardwick, Northamptonshire, was thrown from her horse, which stumbled in a rut. Her riding habit, becoming entangled in the pompon of the orchestra. Two doctors, who happened to be among the audience, were at her side in a moment, but all the means taken to revive the unfortunate dancer were useless. She was dead when she was raised from the orchestra. The cause of death is said to have

rendered medical aid, and she was afterwards conveyed home.

Mr. Gladstone refers to the stories of his physical decay and ill-health as "very old friends."

Mr. John Morley accompanies Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, with Miss Gladstone and Mr. Arnold, to Biarritz.

Madame Alibai is lying ill at an hotel at Chicago. She is suffering from a severe attack of sore throat.

Mr. Arnold Morley describes the Liberal Unionists "not a party, but mere items in the great Tory party."

Mr. Pantos, of Thornton, Horncastle, has just completed her 100th year. She is healthy, and in the full enjoyment of her faculties.

The first mention that can be traced to coffee in England was made in the year 1660. A duty of 4d. per gallon was levied on the maker.

The Zulus are now reported to be in a very prosperous condition, and no natives are allowed to cross into Zululand from Natal.

In the West-end of London one of the most remarkable developments of hydraulic engineering is the growing use of lifts in private houses—as on the Kensington estate.

The tea plant is raised from seed produces a small crop in three years, but they take six years to come to maturity. They live to the age of forty or fifty years.

The Rev. John M'Neill hopes to open the evangelistic mission which he has undertaken in Scotland almost with the beginning of the new year.

The Hon. Sir John Bray, who has been appointed agent-general for South Australia in London in place of the late Sir Arthur Blyth, will leave Adelaide to resume his post at the beginning of January.

John R. Hair, a florist of Buffalo, New York, has been shot dead by his wife. They had not been living together, and the woman attacked her husband as he was driving through the city in his wagon.

On the conclusion of her autumn tour Mrs. Langtry was presented by her company with a silver shield bearing the double-headed eagle motto, "Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety."

The number of paupers in Scotland in 1873 was 122,738, or 3·6 per cent. of the population; and in 1888 and 1890 they amounted to 41 per cent., compared with 5·1 per cent. at present.

The "Princess" shape is the style which at present seems to be for ladies' costumes that most in favour. It is used for all materials—silk, soft woollens, and even tweeds.

Notice is given that the State apartments of Windsor Castle will be open to the public on and after Thursday, the 24th inst., on every week-day, Christmas Day and Wednesdays excepted, under the usual regulations, until further orders.

The Rev. W. Hardy Harwood, B.Sc., of Sanderling, has accepted the co-pastorate of Union Chapel, Islington, of which the Rev. Dr. Allon has been minister for the past forty-eight years. He will commence his duties early in the new year.

Herr Geheimschreiber Auwers, under whose direction in the calculations resulting from the latest observations of the passage of Venus across the sun have been carried on, now gives the result of those calculations) the distance of the sun from the earth as 92,050,296 miles.

The long missing whale length cabinet portrait of General Washington, painted by Gilbert Stuart, pupil of Benjamin West, which disappeared years ago from the White House at Washington, is said to have made its re-appearance, and is now being exhibited at Boston.

The value of the personal estate of the late Colonel James Frederick Dudley Bright-Stuart, of Wilton Crescent, and Woolton House, East Woodhay, Hants, lord lieutenant of the county of Bute, and formerly M.P. for Cardiff, who died on the 24th of October last, aged 67 years, has been sworn at £83,500.

General Booth is an enterprising man. His scheme for the establishment of a matrimonial bureau has, to all intents and purposes, come into existence. A Glamorganshire miner has approached the Salvation Army to find him a wife. A Cheltenham widow has made overtures in search of a husband. The Salvationists have taken up both applications seriously.

Miss Phillips Fawcett, daughter of the late Professor Fawcett, has been elected to the Marischal Kennedy scholarship, and Miss Elliot and Miss Field have been elected to Bathurst scholarships at Newnham College. These honours are held by students who have finished their University course and are continuing their residence for the purpose of carrying on advanced work.

The Empress of China has just established her own private silk looms in the palace at Pekin. One of the motives which induced her to take this step was the desire to provide work for some of the many women and girls of China anxious but unable to earn their living. The looms and several experienced weavers have been sent to Pekin from the imperial silk factory at Hangchow.

Professor Notthakel, one of the first medical authorities of Vienna, states with reference to the recurrence of the influenza that those who have once had the disease are not likely to contract it again. This view is supported by the circumstance that the inhabitants of Vienna, who were nearly all attacked in 1889, now enjoy practical immunity, such cases as have occurred being sporadic and not epidemic.

Sir Edward Bradford, commissioner of the metropolitan police, has appointed Mr. J. McFadden to succeed Mr. W. J. Huntley, who has retired, as superintendent of the Y. or Highgate, Division of the Metropolitan Police. Mr. McFadden, who has been in the force for upwards of twenty-five years, has for a long period been chief inspector of the division of which he is now made superintendent.

A woman named Mary Melia committed suicide in a shocking manner at Walker, near Newcastle. Her husband and herself had both been suffering from influenza, and the husband died. Mrs. Melia asked some neighbours, who came to see her, to leave her alone. When she had gone she got out of bed, poured the contents of the paraffin lamp over her head, and set fire to herself, dying almost immediately.

The receipts on account of revenue from the 1st of April, 1891, when there was a balance of £6,370,897, to December 12th, 1891, were £455,815,192, against £55,537,514 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £20,261. The net expenditure for the year was £60,176,828, against £58,052,171, to the same date in the previous year. The Treasury balances on December 12th, 1891, amounted to £7,200,562, and at the same date in 1890 to £2,127,603.

In a letter to the Duke of Portland, the Prince of Wales stated that the Princess of Wales will not be able to fulfil her arrangement to visit Workop and Welbeck, to which she had so much looked forward. The doctors, seeing the benefit of her presence at the bedside of Prince George, who is slowly but surely mending, approve her royal highness's determination not yet to leave him.

Giuseppe Bobbi, the first ballerina, was performing a solo dance at Turin Theatre between the second and third acts, when she suddenly fell forward into the midst of the orchestra. Two doctors, who happened to be among the audience, were at her side in a moment, but all the means taken to revive the unfortunate dancer were useless. She was dead when she was raised from the orchestra. The cause of death is said to have

been heart disease accelerated by dancing and tight lacing.

A Dublin jury has given £200 damages to a young medical man, named Dr. Francis Nolan, for breach of promise of marriage on the part of a young lady to whom he had been engaged for some time.

In China the planters cultivate the tea plant by digging a hole into which they put a handful of seeds. In Assam they plant the seeds on small ridges of earth and cover them over.

The Master of Balliol is now able to see every one connected with the work of the College. He does three hours' work a day, and is also able to go out driving when the weather permits.

Jerry Wallace, a farmer of Riverdale, Ga., was carrying a sack of apples from his wagon to a store when the sack overbalanced and broke his neck, killing him instantly.

A Vienna telegram states that the Archduke Sigismund, brother of the Archduke Henry, who only recently succumbed to the influenza, died on Tuesday, after a few days' illness.

Frederick George, poor rate collector, was, at Hartlepool, farther remanded for a week on the charge of embezzling monies belonging to the overseers. It is alleged that his defalcations are over £1,000. The Government audit is still proceeding.

"It would," says Professor Bryce, M.P., "be a pleasure to see the differences between the Liberal party and the Disraelian Liberals adjusted, but the prospect of such adjustment seems to open upon us, at least until after a general election."

The London County Council has just ordered a new Merryweather steam fire-engine, which will be stationed at Woolwich, the furthest station from headquarters in the south-eastern district. The machine will be similar to sixteen already in use by the Metropolitan Brigade and made by the same firm.

Dr. John Moolan Minter, honorary physician to the Queen and surgeon extraordinary to the Prince of Wales, died at his residence at Plympton, Devonshire, on Tuesday, aged 76. The deceased, who was inspector-general of the Royal Navy, accompanied the Prince of Wales during several tours.

Mr. Balfour will, on the 15th of January, proceed on his visit to Ulster. At Larne he will be entertained at breakfast, and will afterwards go by special train to Belfast, and then to Newry, where he will be received by the Marquis of Londonderry and driven thence to Mount Stewart.

Sir Edwin Watkin, on arriving at Ashford to preside at the cattle show, was presented with an address by the Ashford Local Board. I—knowing the presentation, he referred to the coal boring at Dover, saying that 14 ft. of coal had been discovered, the last seam being 2 ft. in thickness. He considered the success of the experiment now well assured.

A Renter's telegram, dated Christiania December 15th says a large ship is reported to have been lost off Bemmenoe, between Boros and Stavanger, and it is feared that all on board have perished. A piece of the wreckage bearing the name of the vessel has been washed ashore. It is stated to be the Kate Sancton, of Lancashire.

The Salvation Army Barracks at Southport, a large building originally erected as an engineering works, has been totally destroyed by fire. The fire originated in the east end, where the heating apparatus was situated. During the last few months the building had been decorated and fitted up by the officer in charge.

Old Plumstead Church, Norfolk, was on Tuesday entirely destroyed by fire, and is now a mass of ruins. When the roof fell in flames issued from the steeple, which acted as a chimney to strengthen the configuration. The vicar, the Rev. J. T. Howard, and the inhabitants of the village did their utmost, but the water supply was insufficient.

The Highland Land Court has given decisions on applications from Lady Matheson's tenants on the Island of Lewis. They are from the parish of Lochs, which suffered severely from the destitution three years ago. The reduction amounted to 41 per cent. on the rents, and the arrears due by the tenants, equal to eight years' rental, amount to £1,022, and of this sum 73 per cent. is cancelled.

"They say we are Dissident Liberals," remarked Mr. Chamberlain. "I protest against the expression. Who are the scoundrels?" We continue on the straight road on which the Liberal party always previously walked. It is they who have turned aside into the by-paths of an Irish bog, in which they have lost their way and endangered their safety."

A fire broke out at the Victoria Mills, Cheadle, near Leed, owned and occupied by Messrs. C. Robinson and Co., woollen manufacturers. There were plenty of hose pipes on the premises, but hardly any water could be obtained, and damage to the amount of £12,000 was done before the flames could be extinguished. The damage is covered by insurance. The origin of the fire is not known.

Dr. O. W. Owen, of Detroit, is an original official method of getting at the actual number of paupers in the year by multiplying the number of paupers in a single day by three and a half is incorrect. Mr. Booth divided by 1,000,000 on the treatment of goitre was divided between Dr. James Berry, of London, and Dr. Gallon, of Belgium.

A party of instructors for the projected new Mexican Navy left Liverpool on Wednesday, the 18th, en route for Mexico. Captain Carey Brunton, late of the Royal Navy, has been commissioned by President Diaz to superintend the formation of a new Navy for Mexico, with a naval training system like that established in the British Royal Navy.

Mr. Charles Booth finds that the ordinary official method of getting at the actual number of paupers in the year by multiplying the number of paupers in a single day by three and a half is incorrect. Mr. Booth divided by 1,000,000 on the treatment of goitre was divided between Dr. James Berry, of London, and Dr. Gallon, of Belgium.

The Writers' Club has chosen premises in Fleet-street, near the corner of Chancery-lane, and the committee hope to have the rooms furnished and ready to open early in January. Among the vice-presidents of the club are Lady Stamford, Lady Sandhurst, Madame Novikoff, Madame Adam, Mrs. Hodges Burnett, "Edna Lyle," and many other well-known women writers, and Lady Jeune has lately joined the working committee. The club will start with about 200 members.

At Sheffield, Mr. Higgins, mining engineer, and formerly manager of the Carhouse pit, near Rotherham, was fined £5 and his certificate suspended for two months, on a charge preferred by order of the Home Secretary, at the request of the Yorkshire Miners' Association—namely, that during the building of a wall he had a pipe cut off which was the sole means of ventilating the pit, and the men working underground had a narrow escape from serious injury.

The work of installing the electric light in the Mansion House, which has occupied the last five weeks, was completed on Wednesday. The General Purposes Committee of the corporation visited the building on Wednesday and expressed their satisfaction with the way in which the operations had been conducted. This is the first time in which the Lord Mayor's official residence has been entirely lighted by electricity, and the various reception and state apartments will appear to great advantage on occasions of entertainment.

TURF, FIELD, AND RIVER.
BY LARRY LYNN.

Members of this article should remember that the opinions and conclusions expressed therein are given upon the relative merits of the horses, carriages, and general sportsmen who have made their names. All bets on horse racing should be made with care, to have no regret over losses, and to make a profit when wins.

The National Hunt Committee have at length taken a step in the right direction for the revival of steeplechasing from the low ebb to which it has fallen. They have altered Rule 45 to read as follows—“That at every meeting advertised to take place solely under N. H. rules, there shall be on each day's programme at least two steeplechases, one of which must be of three miles or upwards, and of the amount guaranteed for prizes, one half at least shall be apportioned to steeplechases.” This rule becomes law after it has been twice announced in the *Daily Telegraph*, and it should have a powerful influence on the future of chasing. Of recent years the larger prizes offered for hurdling have had a terribly deleterious effect on the sister and original sport, which has been still further injured by the laxity allowable in the rules governing the certificate-hunters' class. When a crack hunter has had a surfeit of pot-hunting, he ought to be stopped, and his hunter's certificate wiped out. We have of late years seen qualified hunters, after reaching the top of the tree, carry all before them, with the result that other competitors, who might qualify or not, compete in hunters' races, fight shy or turn their attention to the hurdle events. What can come of this but the sacrifice of stamina to speed in the jumping classes, just as we see it, only too frequently illustrated on the flat. The result is that we have such hunters as, say, Why Not, who had his fill of pot-hunting ere he unluckily courted Grand National honours, The Sinner, Cameronian, or Lady Villikins, frightening all other competitors out of the field in the qualified hunters' races, while the open steeplechases are lost to the “ancient lights,” who go on beating each other as the weights differ, day after day.

What will be the ultimate result of the altered N. H. Rule 45 it is as yet premature to say. Already it has dealt a blow at hurdling, as the announcement of the Kempton Park executive to abandon their 41,000 Champion Hurdle Race at Easter, in consequence of the new law, indicates. So far it is a thorough proof of the intention of the National Hunt Committee to throw aside their lethargy and lassitude for the sport to which they owe their existence. The time will come, I have no doubt, when champion hunters will be allowed to win a certain number of races only, after which they must join the limited ranks of the open chasers which demand their presence. Steeplechasing and hurdling are now placed on more level terms. The weeds of the flat racing campaign are, when proved to be thoroughly unreliable, given a last chance among the jumpers. Many a rogue on the flat becomes a stout-couraged horse across country or over timber, and, with level prizes offered for both branches of sport, hurdling and steeplechasing will start on equal conditions. The future shall determine the destiny of each.

The weather during the past week has been all against sport under National Hunt rules, as the heavy downpour of rain had rendered most of the courses unfit for galloping. In fact, the wet had fallen in such plenty in the Thames Valley that the clerk of the course at Windsor requested the stewards to postpone the meeting until the Tuesday and Wednesday of the Christmas week. Sport at Leicester was not witnessed under the most enjoyable circumstances on the opening day, although climatic matters improved on Wednesday, when, if the weather was cold, it showed a decided improvement. On Tuesday there were many upsets, not the least notable of which was the overthrow of the redoubtable Lady Villikins in the Birstall Hunters' Flat Race. Despite the heavy going and her steadier of 1st, popular belief in this mare continuing her winning sequence of ten races of the year was such that she started with odds of 3 to 1 betted on her. These were bowled over by Four-Footer, now trained at Bruce Lodge, Epsom, who won with consummate ease, and was followed home by Prince Edward, while her ladyship had to be content with third honours. Two more favourites, in Champion and Doneraile, for the Quorn Hunt Steeplechase, came to grief, the latter falling at a drop fence, and the former biting the dust—or rather the dirt—by crossing his legs after jumping the last flight of hurdles, which gave Father O'Flynn an easy victory. Meersham had no difficulty in accounting for the Selling Hunters' Steeplechase, which he had always won, and he was subsequently bought in for 200 guineas. The talent naturally went for the Irish mare, Little Widow, in the Brookhill Steeplechase, but they were out of their calculations, as although she was good enough to get second, followed home by Edward, she could not beat the Buenos Ayres bred Neuport-Hains, who, under the name of Adventurer, won several small events under National Hunt rules for his then owner, Mr. Jewell, in the spring of the year. Lady Clifford, second to Gules at Warwick, won the Belgrave Hurdle Selling Plate; and with Marienbad an absente from the field for the Montrose Hunter's Hurdle Plate, Sheridan had no trouble in winning that event.

Small fields prevailed on Wednesday, but winners were not easy to find, and bankers had a bad time of it, as only one favourite, Grub-all, in the last race, the Gadsby Hunters' Hurdle Race, got home. The others all went down. Timbuctoo won the Crock Tower Selling Hunters' Hurdle Race, but was disqualified for carrying 2lb. under weight, and the race was awarded to Cartago, who was sold to Mr. Yates for 130gu. Highland Chief, much fancied for the Belvoir Hunters' Steeplechase, succumbed to Society I while in the Holloway Steeplechase, odds on Bedouin were upset by his fall and Doneraile, with his owner, Captain Middleton, in the saddle, atoned for his mistake on Tuesday. Happy-go-lucky won the Leicester Handicap Hurdle Race from Astrachan, behind whom Kynaston and Gladstone ran a dead heat for third place, while Ingrietus had an easy task to win the Open Selling Hurdle Race, after which he was bought in for 130gu.

The most sensational sales that took place at Newmarket during the past week occurred on Wednesday, when Mr. Maple paid 2,000gu. for Simon's Bay, a filly foal, by St. Simon out of Maserika. Although this price is the highest ever paid for a foal in England, Mr. Maple has thus established two sale records this season, the price for the St. Simon younger being a fitting supplement to 22,000gu. for Common. In each case Mr. Maple has beaten the foreigners, as the Austrians wanted Common and an American banker offered Simon's Bay. The highest prices paid for blood stock on Wednesday were 3,100gu. for Kooral-Semolin's own sister—“Mr. Harbridge,” 2,000gu. for Lonely, the Oaks victress of 1885, by Mr. D. Cooper, and The Snow went very cheap to W.

Jarvis for 2,500gu., for she has done some good work this season, and her breeding is worth the money. On Thursday, prices ruled smaller, and it is a curious fact that the two animals who realised four figures, both being sold for 1,000gu., are each bred from racing stock, these being Lord Hartington's mare, Arimida, by Childecroft, who is touched in his wind, out of Jarvis, and Lord Penruddock's Royal Nun, by Hermit out of Princess May II., by the musical Tonophilus. Another curious fact will strike those interested in the hereditary racing theories, is contained in the fact that Lord Gerard, who has written so contemptuously of Ormonde as to say that he would not give half-a-crown a time for Ormonde's services as a stallion, only placed a reserve on one of his lots, and that was on Bransdale, who certainly makes a noise—which is funny, I think!

Boxing is just now all the go. At the National Sporting Club, on Monday, Alf Suffolk, of Vauxhall, and J. Gamble, of Manchester, fought eight punishing rounds, at the end of which Suffolk had boxed his game opponent to a standstill, and won. At the Albany Club, on the same evening, H. Greenbaum, of Camden Town, and W. Corbett, of Lambeth, fought at 2st., give or take 2lb., for £100, and Corbett, not without being severely punished, won in the twenty-fifth round. Peter Jackson has signed articles for his match with Slavin, and the contest between the pair at the National Sporting Club, on May 30th, 1892, may now be booked a certainty.

It is pitiful to see such a grand champion as Hanlan once was, in his latter days. He rowed a race recently with McLean (not to be of Australia, but an American of that name). Being beaten, he was accused of not doing his best. He made a request to the Pacific Rowing Association of San Francisco to inquire into the charges against him. The inquiry was fixed, but neither Hanlan nor McLean appeared, and so the matter dropped, which is perhaps as well for all concerned.

There is a growing inclination in the south to test the four three-quarter system at the Rugby game of football. The Welsh clubs were the first to adopt the practice, which has been in vogue amongst them for some years past. Gloucestershire and Devonshire clubs have experimented with the system, and are using it more and more frequently. It is getting a hold in the midlands, and even some northern clubs have tried it. When playing Cardiff last year Blackheath played four three-quarters, and they adopted the same tactics last week when meeting the same club. The advantage from the spectator's point of view is that there is less scrummaging and more open play. The plan worked to admiration on Saturday, as Blackheath were concerned, and Cardiff were beaten—soundly beaten—at their own ground. Cardiff has been long regarded as one of the leading clubs in South Wales, but it must be confessed that they have not been performing quite so well this season; moreover, they were without their most brilliant three-quarter, T. W. Pearson, the old Mill-hill.

Middlesex Wanderers are a team of which you can never be sure. They have some first-class players amongst them, yet they have been greatly scored against this season. They have, however, treated us to an occasional surprise, and the greatest of all was that of Saturday, when they held their own against the powerful London Scots, and were only beaten by a luckless got try.

Harlequins are of similar composition to the Wanderers I have just named. They, too, play in rather uneven fashion. Last Saturday they were very unfortunate in being beaten by a goal to two tries by the Clapham Rovers, whom people were beginning to believe incapable of winning any sort of match. That they should have played no so well against such opponents as the Harlequins is proof that the old club still has some good stuff left, and they may do even better yet, more especially as they have a promising lot of youngsters coming on.

Old Merchant Taylors experienced an unexpected shock at the hands of the students of Guy's Hospital. The Taylors have beaten almost everything they have had to meet, and prior to this match with Guy's had sustained only one defeat in their first match against Blackheath. Guy's have trained on into a very dangerous team, for to defeat Old Merchant Taylors argues great powers of defence and more than moderate scoring ability. St. Thomas' have also improved wonderfully since the season opened, and are sure to do well when the cup competition comes on. They met Croydon on Saturday, and assisted their opponents to play one more of their favourite drawn games.

The Dublin Wanderers, who had already beaten Harlequins and lost to Blackheath, sustained another defeat on Saturday, this time getting the better of them to the extent of a try to nothing. Although beaten, the Wanderers have not been greatly dismasted, as only three tries were scored against them by the three powerful clubs named.

Kensington pursued their victorious way by scoring rather freely against St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Kensington are now the only unbeaten team of any class in the London district.

The hopes of Devon were once more dashed on Saturday. Their greatest ambition is to defeat their neighbours of Somerset at the rugby game. For two or three seasons past they have fancied they had a chance, and their whole efforts have been in the direction of training their team for that particular game. This year many of them were quite positive that victory would be theirs, but the result of the annual match, played at Devonport, was once more to prove the Somerset men to be of superior class in staying power if in nothing else, and they won the match in the second half, scoring fourteen points to two.

Old Westminsters played their tie with London Caledonians, abandoned the previous Saturday in consequence of the bad state of the ground at Turnmill Park, at the Oval on Saturday. The result was to bring about a draw, so that the teams will have to make yet one more effort to settle who will have to meet West Bromwich Albion in the first round of the actual competition.

The London Charity Cup competition produced a couple of very close contests, the Crusaders and Old Etonians drawing at three goals each, whilst Millwall Athletic just managed to beat the Casuals after a rating game—in a mud-pond. It is almost impossible to find a really good ground just now, the delightful summer showers with which we have been favoured lately having taken all firmness out of the turf. The Casuals pre-tended in this match, and the tie has to be replayed.

There were some fine going-on in one or two League matches on Saturday, and much more of the sort of thing which took place at Burnley and at Preston will make professional football stick in the nostrils of all honest sportsmen. Oswald, the captain of the Notts team, and one of the grandest players ever seen on the football field, avowed that Drummond, of the North End, purposely kicked him, and there was a lively round of ten seconds between the pair.

Whether accidentally or otherwise, Oswald

was very seriously hurt. The referee ordered the two combatants off the ground, but called them back again. Shortly after this half the Notts team left the ground, and the match was played out with only two forwards, two backs, and the goal-keepers on the visiting side. Preston scored two goals under these conditions, and won by six to none. At Burnley a similar incident to that at Preston occurred. Stewart and Loftus being the culprits. When these men were ordered off the field, the other Hatters, with the exception of the goal-keeper, followed them. Burnley proceeded to kick a goal, but Arthur objected on the ground of off-side, and the farce was given up.

The Inter-Varsity match on Wednesday was upon the whole, a very fine exposition of the Rugby game. At the beginning the forwards perhaps monopolised the play rather too much, but both contingents played a very dashing forward game, the following up and tackling being very keen and determined. It was not until the second half had progressed some time that the Cantabs proved really dangerous. Then their halves seemed suddenly to find the right way of getting the ball away to their three-quarters, an exceptionally brilliant trio, and thereafter the Oxford lines were nearly always in danger until the last few minutes, when Claus, Conway-Rae, Coventry, and the Dark Blues forwards played up in truly magnificent style and were very near the Cambridge lines when the whistle blew for the cessation of play. Oxford were similarly unfortunate at the termination of the first half, the whistle going at a period when they seemed absolutely certain to score, so closely were they pressing the Cantabs. It was the brilliant running of Montgomery, Neilson, and Forder that gained Cambridge their victory, and, with anything like a first-class set of forwards and halves in front of them these three must be almost incomparable for scoring ability.

I note with satisfaction that the Rugby Union, to mark their censure of the disgraceful mobbing of Mr. Howland Hill after the Cumberland and Westmoreland match at Whitehaven on the 21st ult., have decreed that no further match under the auspices of the Union shall be played on the Whitehaven ground this season, and no county match within a radius of fifteen miles shall be contested until after the season 1892-93.

Gales' Almanack for 1892 is well worth the cost in the classic races of 1892, by “Centaur” and “Horse Worth Following in 1892,” and “Reasons for Same,” by B. T. Gale, are the most striking features of this excellent annual.

With each succeeding week there comes some revelation or other, pointing to the probability of quite an upheaval in the order of the men who finished in the first flight for last season's Southern Counties Cross-country championship. The latest and greatest of all contestants in the heating which H. A. Heath administered off the scratch mark to Sid Thomas in the Banbridge Harriers' steeplechase on Saturday, Thomas may not have been at quite his best, but he was travelling in tolerably good form was an open secret, and so superior to the ex-champion did Heath turn out to be on the day that the latter is evidently a dangerous man. He certainly looks likely to improve yet another two points on his position of third last February. A remarkable, and, in this instance, an undeniably fact about Heath, is that he rarely or never trains.

SILVERDALE CYCLING CLUB.
This club held their Cinderella dance at the Horatio Room, Kensington, where from 30 to 40 members and friends assembled. Mr. Charles Haze's band was in attendance. Nineteen dances were got through and thoroughly enjoyed on the dancing floor arrived, the visitors who joined in the performances finding the music to be of a high order. The best known men in cycling circles, including Messrs. White and Ellington (Footit B.C.), Moore, A. Powell, C. H. Jones, E. V. Scorne, F. Hart, A. Harris, G. Sawes, C. Threlfall, and many others.

OUTRAGE ON A YOUNG LADY IN PAUL MALL.

Samuel Gamble White, 33, described as a retired army surgeon, of Adam-street, Baker-street, was charged at Marlborough-street Police Court on Thursday with indecently assaulting Miss Maud Ridley, a young lady living in St. Leonard's-road, Ealing. The prosecutrix deposed that she was 26 years of age and that on Wednesday afternoon she left her residence to visit a friend at No. 41, Pall Mall. On ringing the bell of the house the door was opened by a page-boy, and then she noticed the prisoner, who was a perfect stranger to her, was behind her. She went up the stairs to the third floor followed by the page-boy and the prisoner. Thinking that Mrs. Streeter (her friend) was in her bedroom, she went into that apartment, and the page-boy retired. Not finding Mrs. Streeter there she was about to leave the room when the prisoner stepped inside, shut the door, seized her violently, threw her on the bed, and endeavoured to impose himself improperly to her. She succeeded in getting off the bed and freeing herself from his grasp, but he seized her again, and another struggle ensued. During the struggle the accused kissed her on the cheek and exclaimed, “Don't scream it will be all right.” Eventually she managed to get out of the room, and ran down the stairs and met Mrs. Streeter at the door. The man was given into custody. Cross-examined by Mr. Arthur Newton. Her mother and father were dead. She had private means of her own, and lived with a widow lady, Mrs. Kate Streeter, who had known her for four years, having first met her in Brussels where she was studying music. She had invited Miss Ridley to take tea with her on Wednesday. While she was in her drawing-room on Wednesday afternoon she looked out and saw a man in the act of leaving her bedroom. She heard a scream, “Not here.” Shortly afterwards, Miss Ridley rushed down-stairs. Andrew Keys said that he happened what had happened to speak to the prisoner, who said, “I beg your pardon, I have made a mistake.” On being told that he would be committed, he exclaimed, “The lady accosted me at Charing Cross, and again spoke to me at the Grand Hotel. I followed her with the idea of marrying her. When a constable arrived he accused me to the prosecutor, ‘I beg your pardon, will you marry me?’ Miss Ridley recalled, in reply, to Mr. Hannay, said there was not a word of truth in the statement made by the accused.

CONVICTION OF BETTING MEN.
At the North London Police Court, Arthur Godfrey, 27, alias Barton, a fishshop keeper, of 18, Hall's Pond-road, was charged with keeping a betting-house at that address; and Alfred Godfrey, alias Barton, was charged with being found on the premises. Two youths—Ginsell and Risdale—were also charged with being on the premises, but got off with a caution. Mr. St. John Wootton, who prosecuted for the chief commissioner of police, said the house occupied by the two Bartons—or Godfreys, as he believed their names—had been a public house. The defendant took the defendant's name and address. The defendant and the others continued to play for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and then went away. The complainant was then called and gave evidence bearing on Mr. Sydny's opening statement. Mr. Richardson submitted that no offence had been proved under the Act, which dealt with a well-known class of persons who were professional musicians or singers. Mr. Hopkins said it was a Salvation Army musician who was a street musician, but he had no difficulty in holding that he came within this statute. Then it was said that the Salvation Army ought not to be moved on by a policeman, because the publican was carrying on a trade which was the cause of crime and that the army wished to impress. He had no hesitation in saying that that argument ought not to be listened to for one moment. The defendant would have to pay a penalty of 10s. and 2s. costs. Mr. Richardson asked his worship to state a case, but Mr. Hopkins declined to do so.

WEARY OR BEERY?
At the Marylebone Police Court, Thomas Jackson, 64, was charged with being drunk and belligerent. Police-constable 313 said he saw the prisoner yesterday walking along the streets in Marylebone belligerent. The man was quite drunk, and rolled about as he whined out in dolorous tones the well-known hymn commencing “Art thou weary?” Mr. Montagu Williams asked the constable to repeat the line, and the latter having done so, the magistrate observed, “I thought you said, ‘Art thou weary?’” (Laughter.) You beg and you're bound over. Moore and Oran were each fined 40s., and had to enter into recognisances to keep the peace for six months. Salinity and Turner were severally sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment and entered into recognisances. Dobbins to four months; Sadlington was discharged on entering into recognisances; Deane and Ford were each fined 40s., and had to enter into recognisances to keep the peace for six months. Power was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment, and was bound over. Taylor and Oran were each fined 40s. and bound over. Moore and Oran were each fined 40s. and bound over. Taylor, Griffiths, and Cartwright were next dealt with. Taylor was sentenced to one month's imprisonment; Griffiths to five weeks, and to enter into recognisances; and Cartwright was liberated on condition of entering into recognisances to be of good behaviour.

A CURIOUS MISTAKE.
A highly amusing scene was enacted the other evening in the usually solemn atmosphere of the office of the commissioner of police for the Faubourg-Montmartre, Paris. A few minutes previously a policeman had, at the request of a gentleman, arrested a well-dressed young lady, who declared that she was his wife who had run away from him and robbed him three years ago. The constable did his duty in spite of the angry protests of the lady, who declared that she not only had never seen her self-styled husband before, but was not married at all. “How dare you deny that you are my wife?” continued the man. “You think you can brave me because you have dyed your hair.” At this imputation the young lady, who gave her name, and described herself as “an actress” at the Varieté, became furiously angry, and threatened to deprive her accuser violently of the means of dying his cranial adoration by leaving him none to operate upon. The commissioner, acting as a peacemaker, sent to the prefecture for the photograph of the real wife, and on finding no resemblance between the two women, told the constable to go about his business, warning him to be more careful in the future.

DRUNKENNESS CURED.
A Wealthy American lady, whose son for years was a slave to INTEMPERANCE, NEARLY DEPRESSED, and GENERAL DILIGENCE, after seeking in vain for a Cure, and trying all known remedies, at last found a simple means that cured and saved him from a drunkard's grave. Any one desirous of helping to help others in this worthy cause, by sending a well-addressed stamped envelope to Mr. James Hartigan, 2, Hart-street, High Holborn, London, will receive this information, free of charge. Mention this paper and Kenora.—(Advt.)

A PUBLIC SCANDAL.
At the conclusion of an inquest held by Mr. A. Braxton Hicks, at the Kensington Town Hall, the coroner said he wished to call attention to what he considered nothing less than a public scandal. The jury would remember that he adjourned a case at the beginning of last week in order that a post mortem examination might be made on the body of a man who had died from the effects of drink. Before this could be carried out, the undertaker responsible for the burial of the man brought a coffin to the mortuary while the keeper was out. The door, however, was opened by the mortuary keeper's mother, and the undertaker “rushed the coffin in, and immediately screwed it down. He (the coroner) subsequently had the coffin reopened, to enable the doctor to carry out his orders, and then it was discovered that the bodies of two newly-born children were also in the coffin, one at the head of the man and the other at his feet, both being in a very bad state of decomposition. (Sensation.) He ordered the bodies to be detained with a view to ascertaining who was responsible. It now appeared that it was the common practice of undertakers to receive the bodies of newly-born children and keep them in their shops for some considerable time, and the man in question had had these bodies for some time. If undertakers' shops were to continue to be the receptacles for newly-born children, it would become a public scandal and a nuisance to the neighbourhood. Since the coroner had known of this practice he had registered a bill in the House of Commons to prohibit it. As far as he could ascertain, the bill had not yet passed, but he would like to see it passed at once. (Sensation.)

STORM-BOUND LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS.
A gallant and successful attempt was made the other afternoon to make the relief of the Chickens Rock lighthouse, off the Isle of Man. The relief was more than a fortnight overdue, and there had been no communication with the rock for a month. When the boat went out from Port St. Mary, there was still a heavy sea to contend with and a strong north-west wind, and it was feared that the attempt would be a failure; but the crew persisted in what was seen to be a very dangerous task, and successfully accomplished it. The men were changed and fresh food was supplied, but before the whole of the stores could be landed the dangers of the situation increased so much that the work had to be suspended, and a quick run was made to Port St. Mary. The three light-house keepers who were stormbound had been living for some weeks entirely on tinned meats and ship's biscuits. They were all in good health.

EXECUTION OF A WIFE MURDERER.
Harry Dalton, 34, mason, who drowned his wife in the River Avon, at Bath, on September 5th, was executed in Sheepstor Gaol on Tuesday, Billington, of Bilton, being the executioner. Since his conviction Dalton has once or twice acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and on Monday afternoon he wrote letters to all his brothers, begging them to give up drink, and he asked a sister who visited him in prison never to go to a public-house. He left no written confession, and said that he would confess to God, not man.

THE DISTURBANCES AT CHELSEA.

SENT

VOLUNTEER GOSSIP.

Communications intended for this column, old or new, must be sent to us not later than 5 p.m. on Saturday.

In again reading the report of Sir J. G. Wood on the recent manoeuvres in Hampshire, I notice that for the first time a neutral zone of half a mile's breadth was created between the opposing forces, within which no man during actual fighting was allowed, and officers were forbidden to ride over the manoeuvre ground except during the actual process of operations. I think this is the first time any such regulation has been introduced into peace manoeuvres. The total cost of the operations was £10,000, and £2,000 was spent on the exercises during the sixteen days on 1200 of all ranks. Out of this number the sick numbered 2,407, or 20 per cent. of the whole force; or an average of 12 per cent. a day.

The Honourable Artillery Company have passed a resolution congratulating the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales on the birth of the Duke of Clarence and Princess Mary of Teck, and at the same time expressing their sympathy with the Queen in her trouble, which in future is to be composed of Captain Evans, Balke, Post, Williams, Bridges, Webb, Anderson, and Hall; Lieutenants Leggett, Hammond, Gibson, and about half a dozen non-commissioned officers. Far down the list appear the names of Major McKeown and Major T. C. A. L. They appear rather strange to me, as they are officers which, under the provisions of the Volunteer Act, should require a court of assistance for administrative purposes.

There was a good gathering of the members of the Royal Engineers at their headquarters at Shoreditch on Saturday evening, when Mrs. Wilder, the wife of the commanding officer, distributed the prizes. In his introductory remarks, Colonel Wilder said that in all respects the position of the brigade was very satisfactory, the enrolled strength having increased from 640 to 880, the officers from 60 to 62, and the president officers and sergeants entitled to the extra compensation from 63 to 67.

The first winter upon competition of the London Rifle Brigade has just been held, and some very creditable shooting. At the 200, 500, and 1000 yards' range, Haywards made 90 points, Charles St. and Pritchard 88. Following close upon his heels was Lancashire Militia, who made 93 points.

A somewhat amusing incident occurred at a meeting of a Volunteer tactical society last week. A member of the society, who thought the hour appointed was half-past 6, and met accordingly, they waited for a long time and then went away. At half-past 8 another lot attended under the impression that this was the hour appointed. And so it was, but the precision was so small that no one was doing any shooting. Who were to blame? Little incidents like this go a long way towards quenching members' enthusiasm.

There is a rumour abroad that the War Office intend to disband the 1st Berkshire (Border) Regiment Rifles. The corps was held together by Lord Cardigan, General Earl Metcalf, who is now one of the Volunteer brigadiers. He was a brave man, and a dashing officer. During one of the hottest engagements of the Terrible Year, noticing that his troops were bending forward under a galling fire to escape the bullets of the enemy, while he alone maintained an erect position, he exclaimed, "Since when, I should like to know, has so much politeness been shown to the Prussians?" The sarcasm took instantaneous effect, for the soldiers rushed forward and carried everything before them.

THE ACTOR'S EXPLANATION.

"Filthy nation! When we return it will be with bayonets in our hands!" These were the words attributed to a French actor coming from Marseilles, as he was engaged in an exciting dispute with the guard of the train while travelling with his wife from Metz towards the Moselle some weeks ago, and on the strength of this accusation he was arrested summarily. The trial has just taken place at Metz, and has resulted in the triumphant acquittal of the actor, who maintained that he only used the words "filthy nation" in an exclamation addressed in an undertone to his wife, and that no reference whatever was made to bayonets. The court gave him the benefit of his explanation.

COLLISION NEAR NORWOOD JUNCTION.

As the train from Hastings at 8.54, was approaching Selhurst Junction on Thursday morning, it ran into the rear of a special train conveying schoolboys from Ardingly College, near Hayward's Heath. The rear van and first carriage of the special were partly wrecked. Nobody was hurt seriously, but several persons complained of violent shocks, and of having their heads knocked against the woodwork of the carriages. The main up-line was blocked. Passengers from both trains walked to Norwood Junction, and travelled to London by local trains.

That reminds me of another matter. I saw a paper the other day the supposed speaker of a strong metropolitan regiment at the close of the year was Oct. 1, 1891. I had, previously, to see that, reading many dismal accounts of the decadence of the Volunteer force, but after coming to dissect these returns I found nothing, but room for rejoicing, for certainly the efficiency returns of the year 1890 were found to be any diminution in the enrolled strength it will be seen it is only among men who have passed the age when they find it convenient to comply with the present conditions of service.

From the returns at present to hand there appears to be an increase in the number of soldiers but a slight decrease in the overall strength. Now, that is exactly what all good soldiers would desire. The worst feature is the falling off in the number of officers; and how this is to be prevented nobody appears to know. It is also well that on the one hand the expense of a company was great; and that, in a second place, there is no prospect of a young man ever attaining to field rank. Without any prospect of promotion to a leading rank, young and competent gentlemen prefer distinguishing themselves as non-coms, at the rifle range or in artillery corps.

Harking back to the Volunteer Ambulance School, I am reminded that an inspection of the present metropolitan classes took place at the headquarters of the London Scottish on Monday evening. About seventy candidates for the rank of ambulance, presented, and upwards of 400 men were present. This branch of the service appears to be making very rapid headway.

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Next year is to have an exhibition at Earl's Court of which the Army, Navy, and Auxiliary Forces will be represented. It is to prove a success to the public, and the practitioners and those Army, Navy, and auxiliary charities that have not been invited by the Royal Military and Royal Naval Exhibitions. It is considered that the Auxiliary Forces, and particularly the Volunteers, have not been properly represented in any exhibition. The buildings and grounds will be occupied by electric telephones, Naval and military displays, drill sports, and competitions will be provided, and prizes will be offered for various competitions. I do not know who are the originators of the scheme, but understand that among other draws Buffalo Bill has been invited to run his show.

ELMAZ.

THE PREMIER AND PARISH COUNCILS.

A correspondent recently wrote to Lord Salisbury, assuring him that his remarks at the Birmingham Conference respecting parish councils were being misrepresented by Gladstonian candidates to the labourers in the agricultural constituencies of Lincolnshire. The Premier replied as follows:—"Your letter calls the Premier's attention to the fact that almost every Radical speech in your constituency contains a passage to the following effect: 'Lord Salisbury does not consider the working men either fit or capable of managing the affairs of their own parish, but that a circuit would amuse them better.' He wishes to say that the meaning of the passage in his speech and its context is quite clear, namely, that the object of reforms is not for public amusement, whether of working men or any other persons, but for public utility."

A CHILD DYING IN THE RAIN.

At Bristol, Harriet Mullinger was charged with wandering about without visible means of subsistence. The police found her on Tuesday night with a dead child in her arms, and two other children by her side, apparently famished. The woman stated that she had been turned out of her room, and could not get shelter; while out in the rain, the youngest child, aged 9 months, died in her arms. Her husband was out of work. The police gave her food and shelter for the night. Evidence was given that the husband did no work, and that the woman, who was of drunken habits, got her living by begging with the children. She was remanded.

LONDON'S BILLS OF MORTALITY.

Since the time of the Great Fire, and until the present system of registration was established, the Parish Clerks' Company was held responsible for the London bills of mortality, and these precious documents were deposited in the old hall of the company in Silver Street. As they were exposed to considerable risk from fire, the parish clerks have come to the conclusion that it would be better to hand them over to the safe custody of the Guildhall librarians, and the whole of the volumes, approaching 200 in number, have been placed in the archives of the Guildhall.

A BRAVE OFFICER'S SARCASM.

There has died at Versailles recently the Vicomte Toussaint, formerly a colonial in the French army, and Mayor of Toulouse. He was a brave man, and a dashing officer. During one of the hottest engagements of the Terrible Year, noticing that his troops were bending forward under a galling fire to escape the bullets of the enemy, while he alone maintained an erect position, he exclaimed, "Since when, I should like to know, has so much politeness been shown to the Prussians?" The sarcasm took instantaneous effect, for the soldiers rushed forward and carried everything before them.

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During the examination of a witness in a recent case in the Hooghly Civil Court a curious fact came to light. One native gentelman who had an aversion for another found out a method of insulting him whenever they met. He named a dog after his adversary, and whenever he went to the railway station or to any other place where he had an opportunity of meeting his enemy he took the dog with him. Then, before his adversary's face, he used to kick and cuff it, calling it by its name.

A SLATED COAL MERCHANT.

At the Central Criminal Court, Griffiths Jones, trading as Eymill & Co., coal merchants, King's Cross, surrendered to his bail to answer a charge of obtaining money by false pretences.—Mr. A. Gill and Mr. Dowdall prosecuted, and Mr. Thorne Cole and Mr. Bands defended.—Prisoners advertised his coal in an attractive advertisement, headed "Talk of London. New Main Wall send, 1s. per ton." He obtained a number of orders, and in the six charges which were preferred against him it was stated that the coal, when delivered, were very little better than "bat" and hard stone, and that it was almost impossible to burn them. On behalf of the accused a coal merchant named Haywood of Camberwell, said it was good marketable coal at the price.—The jury, after a lengthy deliberation, found the prisoner guilty.—Sergeant Couchman, the officer in charge of the case, handed to his lordship a number of letters, which, he said, the police authorities were receiving daily from persons—mostly from poor people—who complained of the quality of coal delivered by the prisoner, which had been advertised as the "Talk of London," but which, in reality, consisted in the main of slate, and would not burn.—His lordship read a portion of the letter from one victim of the fraud, who remarked she had a father 90 years of age.—The common sergeant remarked that the case was certainly one of a very cruel character.—Mr. T. Cole, on behalf of the accused, urged his previous good character, also the fact that he was a very delicate state of health.—The common sergeant passed a sentence of six weeks' imprisonment.

DRINK AGAIN.

At the Wandsworth Police Court, Emily Springhill, a married woman, was charged on a coroner's warrant with the manslaughter of her infant child.—The defendant, it appeared, had taken out the child and returned worse for drink on more than one occasion. On the 12th inst. she was drunk, the child crying all the day, and on Sunday it died.—A post mortem had been held upon the body of the child, and the stomach was found to be perfectly empty.—The defendant was remanded.

The City Corporation have decided to give grants of money amounting to £4000 to various religious and philanthropic institutions throughout the metropolis.

THE HANSARD UNION COMPANY.

At the Clerkenwell Sessions on Thursday, before Mr. Warry, Q.C., Daniel Collins was indicted for having stolen a canvas bag, containing blankets, oilskins, and other articles, of the value of £5, the property of William Knight. Mr. Harvey prosecuted.—On the 6th of December the prisoner was employed by prosecutor, who is a sailor, to carry his bag from the shipping office on Tower Hill. The prosecutor left it inside the railings, and then went across the road for a few moments. On his return he found the bag was gone, and he at once gave information to the police. In the course of the evening, Police-constable Barnett went to a lodging-house in the street, and there saw the prisoner. Some of the articles were found in the sink-pipe, and under the coils in the cellar.—The jury found a verdict of guilty, and Mr. Warry sentenced him to five months' hard labour.

CHANNEL TUNNEL SCHEME.

At a meeting of the shareholders of the Channel Tunnel Company (Limited), held at the offices, London Bridge, on Thursday, Sir Edward Watkin presided.—In moving the adoption of the report, the chairman, referring to the opposition of the Government to the proposed tunnel, said that Ministers seemed to be convinced that our Army was worth nothing, and, at the same time, declined the proffered hand of France, which was willing to give us a second line of supply for our supplies of food and raw materials. He did not know any country which ever existed so utterly dependent on the peril of the sea for its supplies of food and raw material as England. He hoped that the Channel Tunnel Bill would be introduced next session, and vigorously pushed.—The report was unanimously adopted.

NOTICE.

To avoid loss of time and inconvenience, all communications on business matters should be addressed to the MANAGER, and not to the EDITOR.

PERSONAL.

GEORGE.—Will be surgeon. Father and mother ill.—ERIC.

BERTHA.—Would like to hear more from the sympathies at Cambridge.

A. Z.—How are things? Answer. Want to come home. You are free.

B. M. to W. ASH.—Good news. Write to me where you are now. I am so anxious to know, love.

MARY.—Will be in April.

GENERAL SERVANT.—Age 20, single, good cook, 17 months' experience. Wages 10/-—Bathurst, N.W.

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GENERAL SERVANT.—

THE PEARL CASE.

(Continued from page 2.)

returned on February 9th, and subsequently the plaintiff called on him. He had reason to remember the 19th of February because the day before the large show-room had been cleared out for spring cleaning, and the 19th was his birthday. He had some friends stopping with him at his house in the country, and arrived rather late at business. He heard that Miss Elliot had to wait some time before she saw him, and he saw her in the "evening show-room," a gas-lit apartment. The witness had no memorandum of the visit, in the course of which he showed her new materials, dresses, and sketches, and gave his ideas as to what she should purchase. Witness had to do with the bride and bridesmaid's dresses, travelling dresses, morning and evening gowns, &c. It was a conversational interview, and nothing was then decided upon, but he remembered Miss Elliot wanted something quite out of the common for the bride's dresses, and would not have jackets. She was with him about three-quarters of an hour, and the visit must have been between 12.15 and 1.15. Madame Pauncelot's was close to his place of business. The order for the dresses came the following week. He believed the dress Miss Elliot wore on the 19th was the one produced in court on the previous day. She was wearing a small hat, and he thought it was a toque-headgear without a brim. The account in respect of the wedding dresses was £219. By Sir E. Clarke: As a rule the spring cleaning of the particular show-room referred to occupied one day, but on this occasion it took two days. He had not seen Miss Elliot many times before this visit. Witness got to business at 11.15, and then had letters to answer. Miss Elliot was not waiting for him when he arrived. He meant that some one came into his office and informed him that Miss Elliot wanted to see him, and it was then that she had to wait some time. —Sir C. Russell produced the fawn hat spoken of previously, but witness said he thought she wore even smaller one on the 19th.—Agnes Fluck stated that in February she was employed at Pauncelot's. She had to make some of the linen for the trousseau. She remembered the page boy from The Boltons bringing a box with some things on the 19th of February, between 11 and 12 a.m. After dinner, which was taken at 1 o'clock, Miss Elliot came and had some conversation with witness with regard to the orders. Madame Pauncelot was still at dinner, and when Miss Elliot had been speaking to the witness for about ten minutes, she went to fetch Madame Pauncelot, but met her coming upstairs. Miss Elliot spoke to Madame Pauncelot for about five minutes, and then witness went down to the door with the plaintiff. The workmen returned from dinner at 2 o'clock, but on the day they had not come back when Miss Elliot left. The plaintiff was wearing a fawn-brown dress with cape to match (produced). The alterations required were made, and the goods packed the same night. She remembered at the same time packing an evening dress for a lady at Pinner, and the two parcels were despatched the next morning.—Madame Pauncelot said she made part of the plaintiff's trousseau and on one occasion the plaintiff called about a petticoat.

THE JUDGE AND THE PETTICOAT.

The judge caused some amusement by asking whether there were not two kinds of petticoats, one of which saw the light of day. —Witness, continuing, said that would be a skirt. She remembered the page boy bringing back the petticoat in a box, and subsequently, while she was at dinner, Miss Elliot called, and after witness had finished her dinner she had five or six minutes' conversation with Miss Elliot, who said she had just returned from Torquay.—Mr. Lewis Coward read the evidence of Mr. J. Letton Elliot, the grandfather of the plaintiff, taken on commission. He said he well remembered having made an appointment with his granddaughter for 3.30 p.m. on February 19th. When she came into the room the library clock struck the half-hour, and he said, "How punctual you are." She remained with him certainly an hour and nearer an hour and a half. He owed her at the time the sum of £350, and it was decided she was to receive it by 5.30 at a time, and on that afternoon he wrote a cheque after banking hours, and therefore dated it the 20th, as was his custom in such a case. She left between 4.30 and 4.45. The judge remarked that Mr. Elliot was, he believed, the only surviving member of the old original Athenaeum Club.

MISS DASHWOOD.

—Miss Jane Dashwood was then called, and examined by Mr. Mathews. She said she was staying with the Ellots in the early part of the year, and after a visit to Hastings she returned to The Boltons on the 19th February, a little before 5. Miss Elliot reaching the house a little later. They did not leave The Boltons again that evening, and the next morning witness went with plaintiff to the bank to pay in a cheque. Previously she had been to the bank to get a cheque-book for Miss Elliot. On Saturday, 21st February, a letter came from Mrs. Hargreave for the plaintiff, and in it she spoke of the loss of her pearls. By the same post some photographs arrived from Torquay. The 22nd was a very foggy day, and witness and Miss Elliot did not leave the house the whole day. Mrs. Saunders, the dressmaker, was working in the basement. Miss Elliot complained of a bad headache. Her sister was expected back on that afternoon, and she reached The Boltons about 5.30. Her nurse came back with her; she had had typhoid fever. Mr. Elliot came home that afternoon with a box for the theatre, but Miss Elliot did not go, she being too unwell.—Cross-examined: She stayed at The Boltons until June last. Miss Elliot was not in the habit of showing witness her private letters, but she saw those from Mrs. Hargreave. There were other foggy days besides the 19th, when the witness did not leave the house.—By Sir Charles: She saw the particular Hargreave letter mentioned, because they referred to the loss of the pearls. The 19th was so foggy that on the return from the theatre the cab went down a wrong road, and the horse ran into the railings.

THE JUDGES AND SKETCHING.

—Mrs. Saunders, who was sketching at The Boltons on February 19th, said that her work-table was close to the window, and she saw Miss Elliot go out about 3 o'clock. Speaking to witness in the evening the plaintiff said she had been to Whittingham's and Pauncelot's, and that the former had some lovely things. She was also at The Boltons on Monday, the 23rd, and arrived there at 1 o'clock. It was so foggy that she had to walk by daylight the whole day; she remained there until 7 p.m. She went into the kitchen at 11.45, and coming out some time later saw the plaintiff coming down the stairs with Miss Dashwood.—The Judge: I won't have any one sketching, and looking hard at a member of the jury (she was taking notes) I think I see some one sketching now.—Sir Charles: I think not, my lord.—The Judge: Well, I won't have it; it is unlikely to distract a witness.—Continuing her evidence, witness said she was working at Mrs. Hargreave's, at Torquay, in August, 1890, and it was then said a ring was lost—a broad gold one. She heard the matter talked about in the house, and Mrs. Hargreave said she had left it on the draw-
on mantelpiece. Inquiry was made of the servants, and the place was searched. Avant and Miss Amy Hargreave subsequently said might be done in trimming or in the cloth itself.—Mr. Hugh Elliot, continu-

ing, referred to the sending for the bank clerk by Mr. Spink, and to Mr. Fisher pointing to the plaintiff, and saying, "At least, it isn't that lady." The witness said she had better stand up and take off her hat, and then the clerk added, "I think you are the lady only differently dressed." Mr. Fisher said the cheque was cashed in the morning, but he refused to give any specific information. On leaving Spink's, witness made an appointment with Mr. Engleheart to meet Osborne at the Badminton Club the next morning. Captain Osborne, in response to a telegram, travelled all night, and a somewhat heated interview took place between the captain and Mr. Engleheart, who said of course the Hargreaves would not prosecute; it was made for solicitors. Captain Osborne said he was confident of proving Miss Elliot innocent and Mr. Engleheart replied, "I hope to God you will be able to do so." The next day (March 12th) witness and Captain Osborne went to see Mr. Pace, the solicitor who had acted for the family, and then Mr. Pace and the captain went in search of Major Hargreave. Up to the present moment he did not know at what time the sale of the jewels or the cashing of the cheque took place.

CROSS-EXAMINATION.

—He was called to the bar in 1887, and his first year for getting at the Temple varied (a laugh)—sometimes eleven and sometimes twelve o'clock. Witness had never heard of Spink's shop until Mr. Engleheart told him of it. He told Mr. Spink that he was a barrister, and that there was a law that would punish reckless charges such as that. This was said after Mr. Spink had remarked that he thought he identified the plaintiff as the lady who sold the jewels. The bank clerk said he did not think the plaintiff was the lady, but as he considered this was the first genuine witness (the Spinks being perhaps prejudiced) witness thought that there would be more satisfaction if the matter was fully cleared up. That was why he asked his sister to stand up.

A SOLICITOR'S EVIDENCE.

—Mr. T. Hay, solicitor, said he was one of the trustees of the marriage settlement of the father and mother of the plaintiff. When the mother died the children had £1,814 each.

At that time there were four daughters and two sons. Miss Elliot received some money down, and the balance was in stock. He received instructions to sell out the stock of the plaintiff, and also £400 of Miss Evelyn's, subsequently altered to £600. It was witness who found out that the 23rd February was also a day involved in the allegations as to selling jewels on the 19th. Prior to an interview with the bank clerk was postponed until the 28th, then taking place privately instead of more or less publicly. It was with the greatest possible convenience on the part of the members of his family that witness married.—By the Solicitor-general: Mr. Wontner knew he was going to see Major Hargreave. It was he who asked Mr. Pace to accompany him; not at Mr. Wontner's suggestion. He knew nothing of Mr. Pace, but took him because he thought that alone Major Hargreave might refuse to see him. The major knew Mr. Pace. Doubtless witness said a prosecution would be an awful thing. He never knew Mr. Engleheart at Torquay, but when he was stationed at Plymouth he met Mr. Engleheart at a dance roundabout at Leignmouth and Dartmouth. He really could not remember whether he introduced Mr. Engleheart to the Ellots.—Mr. Charles Pace said he was of a firm of solicitors who used to act for old Mr. Elliot. In March last he was consulted by Mr. Engleheart and Major and Mrs. Hargreave with regard to certain matters, but did not act for them. He saw Mr. Hugh Elliot and Captain Osborne in the afternoon of the same day (March 19th), but was not applied to act for the Ellots. Referring to the interview at the Naval and Military Club witness said he first saw Major Hargreave alone, and told him that Captain Osborne was anxious to see him, but he did not think it was any use, as the matter was in the hands of Messrs. Pace. Witness told him that the captain believed he had.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

—Mrs. Geach, sister of the plaintiff, said she was the wife of Captain Geach of the 4th Dragoon Guards, and lived near Tenby. She was the eldest sister, and had known the Hargreaves all her life. The coolness which arose between the two families was in consequence of a scandal in Torquay concerning Mrs. Hargreave and Mr. Engleheart about six years ago. Witness's mother did not approve of her visiting the Hargreaves. In February last she was at Hastings, and returned to London on the 23rd, a foggy day. She was at The Boltons on March 9, when Mr. Engleheart came, and on the following day accompanied her brother and sister to Spink's shop. She had only once before been in the City, to the Tower.—The court then adjourned.

The hearing of this case was resumed on Friday for the fourth day.—The judge, on taking his seat, said that, in consequence of the near approach of Christmas, he would sit until 4.30 and to the same time on Saturday, thus making a full day.—Mrs. Geach again went into the witness-box, and continued her account of what occurred at Spink's. When the bank clerk arrived, he looked at them both very hard, and said, "It is neither of those two ladies, and certainly not that one" (pointing to the plaintiff). He laughed, and it was Mr. Hugh Elliot who asked his sister to stand up. It was then that the bank clerk added, "I am not quite so certain; I think you are the lady, only you were differently dressed. You wore a long brocade cloak with a high collar and a 'broado' hat." The plaintiff never possessed such a cloak. Witness had heard Major Hargreave use the expression as to committing any crime for money. It was in Devonshire six or seven years ago, and she attached no importance to it.—By Sir E. Clarke: She stayed at The Boltons more than a month in the autumn of last year. She had been acquainted with her husband all her life. He was at one time stationned in Dublin, and she had heard that he had sold a collection of coins he had made at Spink's. They were sold before, but she heard of it after their marriage. It was not true that the bank clerk at the interview said, referring to witness, "It is not that lady, but I am not so sure about the other; I should like her to stand up."—Sir C. Russell: When did you hear that your husband had sold his collection to Spink?—Not until the name was mentioned in connection with this case.

CAPTAIN OSBORNE.

—Captain Osborne, of the Carabiniers, said he was stationed at Edinburgh. He was engaged to his wife in December last, but his acquaintance with the Hargreaves was very slight. He met the major at The Boltons, and Mrs. Hargreave when she was in lodgings in London last year. He knew Mr. Engleheart intimately; they were at the same college at Cambridge, but he saw nothing of him after he (the witness) left Jesus College (laugh)—but the jewels were seen after the major left for the continent." He further alleged that the witness's sister was in bad pecuniary circumstances at the time, as she borrowed £10s. from Mrs. Hargreave before she left Torquay. The witness replied that this was absurd, because she had £1,000 at the time. Mr. Engleheart further urged that she left hurriedly, and the witness suggested that the person who took the other jewel might be the present thief. Mr. Engleheart retorted that this went against her, because the other loss was at The Boltons, and said the presentation of a crossed cheque also told against the plaintiff, as she was unaccustomed to business matters. He added that Mrs. Hargreave was inconsolable at the idea of her cousin taking her jewels, and that she would have lent her £300 rather than it should have happened. Mr. Engleheart also said that Mrs. Hargreave did not wish Captain Osborne to know of it, but witness said he would certainly be informed, and suggested they should go to The Boltons and see his sister. In the cab en route Mr. Engleheart said the Hargreaves could not afford the loss of the pearls. When they got to The Boltons witness

TOLD HIS SISTER OF THE CHARGE.

She at first cried, saying that she could not believe her cousin would make such a charge; then she denied the accusation and asked to be confronted by Mr. Engleheart. He was called in, and ultimately it was arranged to go to Spink's the next morning at 11.30. The witness corroborated the account already given of the interview at Spink's.—The judge at this point called upon Mr. Humphreys to give a description of a scalloped cape, which he said was usually one with an edge "pinked out." Undertakers did a good deal of "pinking." (Laughter.) The witness was ultimately called up to his lordship's desk to draw the outline of such a cape, the scalloping of which he had seen in the paper with "Mrs. Price, 14, Hyde Park Gardens," written upon it. Witness looked at it very closely and said, "You surely don't insinuate that this bears the highest resemblance to Miss Elliot's handwriting." He expressed a wish to see both Major and Mrs. Hargreave the moment they arrived, and Mr. Engleheart said he would ask Mrs. Hargreave whether she would see him. Witness then remarked that it was no good prolonging a painful interview, and Mr. Engleheart replied, "Surely we

may shake hands. I have throughout acted in the interest of both parties, and I hope to God you may be able to prove that Miss Elliot has nothing to do with it." The witness then called upon Mr. Pace, the solicitor, and accompanied him, returned to the Hotel Victoria, where Mr. Pace spoke to the Naval and Military Club and saw Major Hargreave. The witness said he had come to gain all the information he could about the 19th February, and at what time in the day the jewels had been sold in the City. He told the major that he was sure he could give him such information as would convince him of the impossibility of Miss Elliot being there, and proposed that he should examine for himself all her money affairs, adding that he could have the house searched from top to bottom. The major replied that he had written to witness referring him to his solicitors and he returned. "But surely you will not refuse to give me any assistance and information in your power, in order to clear Miss Elliot's name." Your Own Wife's Cousin."

He answered that the matter was out of his hands, and that the solicitors had better settle the matter between them. Witness asserted that his line of conduct seemed most unfair and unjust. Mr. Pace remarked that he could see no reason why Major Hargreave should refuse to give the information and assistance asked for, and as he thought it was the least Major Hargreave could do. The major still repeated that the witness was out of his hands, and witness asked him what he intended to do. He said, "If I get a written confession from Ethel Elliot that she stole the jewels, and I also get the jewels back, I will undertake not to prosecute." He eventually assured the witness that he would not prosecute any member of the Elliot family. He mentioned the 19th February in the course of the interview, but nothing was said to indicate that there was another date in question. The marriage was fixed for the 4th of April, and invitations were issued. However, a communication was made to the witness by Messrs. Wontner, and the wedding was postponed until the 8th, then taking place privately instead of more or less publicly. It was with the greatest possible convenience on the part of the members of his family that witness married.—By the Solicitor-general: Mr. Wontner knew he was going to see Major Hargreave. It was he who asked Mr. Pace to accompany him; not at Mr. Wontner's suggestion. He knew nothing of Mr. Pace, but took him because he thought that alone Major Hargreave might refuse to see him. The major knew Mr. Pace. Doubtless witness said a prosecution would be an awful thing. He never knew Mr. Engleheart at Torquay, but when he was stationed at Plymouth he met Mr. Engleheart at a dance roundabout at Leignmouth and Dartmouth. He really could not remember whether he introduced Mr. Engleheart to the Ellots.—Mr. Charles Pace said he was of a firm of solicitors who used to act for old Mr. Elliot. In March last he was consulted by Mr. Engleheart and Major and Mrs. Hargreave with regard to certain matters, but did not act for them. He saw Mr. Hugh Elliot and Captain Osborne in the afternoon of the same day (March 19th), but was not applied to act for the Ellots. Referring to the interview at the Naval and Military Club witness said he first saw Major Hargreave alone, and told him that Captain Osborne was anxious to see him, but he did not think it was any use, as the matter was in the hands of Messrs. Pace. Witness told him that the captain believed he had.

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—SHE CAN BE IDENTIFIED.

It was Mrs. Hargreave who first introduced her to Miss Elliot at Torquay eight or nine years ago.—By Sir E. Clarke: She only went to The Boltons once from the 22nd of February until March 16th, and that was when she went to tea on the 15th. On that occasion no reference was made to the loss of the jewels. Her father had told her about it before that. The witness's two cousins (Captain and Miss Houldsworth) were with her in the shop when she met Mrs. Hargreave. She probably expressed sympathy with her in her loss, but she could not say whether she did. It was not true that Mrs. Hargreave's remark about Miss Elliot was in reply to a question as to whether it was proved she had stolen the jewels. It was at the request of Captain Hewitt that she wrote down the conversation, but previously the witness told her father about it.—Miss Eva Fawcett, of The Hill, Teignmouth, deposed that on April 8th she was at the Torquay Theatre and met Mrs. Hargreave outside a private box. Mrs. Hargreave said, "Well, Eva, I suppose you have heard all this bad business. I am afraid it is true." The witness said, "Yes, but I am awfully cut up about it." The witness replied, "I have only heard of it to-day, and I can't tell you how the report has spread. I can't believe it possible that Ethel Elliot is guilty of such a dreadful crime. Are you quite sure she has taken your jewels?" She answered, "I am afraid there is not the slightest doubt about it; she has been identified by the bank and by the man to whom she sold the jewels." The witness asked, "What diamonds do you suppose she has taken?" and she replied, "It is the pearls." "Do you think she was the thief?" asked the witness, and Mrs. Hargreave said, "Yes, very much so." To the remark, "I can't understand why you are here, or by whose authority you are acting. I think your conduct is vicious in the extreme. You seem to be playing the part of a private detective, and I cannot conceive how you dared to take Miss Elliot's photograph to Messrs. Spink for purposes of identification." He further said before the major and his wife made some explanation, he who knew Miss Elliot, ought to have been the first to treat the accusation with contempt. Mr. Engleheart asked to be allowed to explain his conduct in regard to the visit to Spink's, and the witness sat at a table and took notes. He explained that he had taken this photograph from the hands of the Torquay police, and that he had not brought it to town it would have been sent up to the London police. They kept the appointment next morning, in a private room at the club. The witness refused to shake hands with Mr. Engleheart, saying, "I don't understand why you are here, or by whose authority you are acting. I think your conduct is vicious in the extreme. 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THE FAVOURITE CONFECTION.

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A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS. BY B. L. FARJEON.

FROM MISS BERRY, PARIS, TO MISS NORAH PENFIELD, LONDON.

My Dear Niece.—The subject upon which I am about to write to you is one to which I beg you to give your most earnest attention. Not alone your happiness, but the happiness of a very worthy young gentleman will depend upon your reply.

Let me first establish my claim to a frank and honest avowal from you. That I am your dear lost mother's sister counts for little, I am aware, because of the long estrangement between us, but you will forgive me for reminding you that since you became an orphan I have made some sacrifices for you. My enforced residence in Paris, where old as I am, I have to work hard for a living, has permitted of only a few personal intercourses between us. On three occasions have I enjoyed the pleasure of your society—twice during my visits to London, and once during your visit to Paris, where you came upon my invitation. "It has been a happy holiday," you said to me, as we took our last walk through the streets of Paris, and certainly the days we spent together here form one of my pleasantest memories. My experiences of you can lead me to form a high estimate of your character. I believed you to be a young lady of correct moral principles, of good feelings of a true and sympathetic nature, and I believed also that your views of propriety were just and sensible. In a word, I did not desire to interfere with you; I saw your life brightened by a good man's love; and when, upon the occasion of a subsequent visit to London, I had the good fortune—I regarded it as such—to bring you and young Mr. Spencer together, I said to myself, "If Norah wins this gentleman, her heart's hope will be realised, and she will be the happiest of women."

My wish, up to a certain point, was fulfilled. Mr. Spencer fell passionately in love with you, so passionately, indeed, that he could not muster courage to speak to you directly. Knowing that I stood towards you in the light of a mother, he came especially to Paris (you learn this now for the first time) to beg me to intercede for him. It did my heart good to hear how he spoke of you, and I heartily endorsed every work he uttered in your praise. If ever a girl was truly loved you were that girl, and, despite what has occurred, Mr. Spencer's love for you is no less to-day than it was when he first opened his heart to me. I would not, however, interfere between you, I judged that his chances would be better if he himself revealed his feelings to you. "Go back to London," I said, "and declare your love to Norah, and write me a letter by the following post, informing me that you and my dear niece are engaged." I said a great deal more than this to him, and I succeeded in instilling courage into his fainting heart. My dear Norah, as that young man sat by my side, confiding to me all his hopes and fears, I felt inclined to rebel against the hard fate that had condemned me to be an old maid. "If when I was young," I thought, "it had been my happy lot to inspire such a love as this, my heart would have leapt forward to meet and reciprocate it." This confession will convince you how deeply I was impressed by Mr. Spencer's truth and sincerity.

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Understand me, my dear child. He does not speak one hard or unkind word against you; his heart is filled with love and tenderness for you, and if you persist in your strange and unaccountable conduct I do not know what will become of him. He left me a couple of hours ago in a state of despair, and I could say nothing to comfort him. He implored me to tell him if I was acquainted with your reasons for inflicting this blow upon him, and I answered that I could not. My dear sister seemed to stand before me. The intervening years receded into the past, and I saw again the dear boy I had loved so tenderly. "My dear child," I said, "I am your aunt, who has come from Paris to seek you." My first steps were attended with difficulty. It happened by good chance that you had written to her almost at the same time, giving her your address in London, and this was sent on to me. Pending the receipt of her reply I walked through the streets actually looking for you, or rather looking for the likeness of my dear sister whom I had not seen for so many years. It was, of course, a vain search, but it employed my time. On the second day of my arrival your address reached me, and I proceeded immediately to the house, which was situated in one of the poorest localities in London. It was night, and it was told that you had a room at the top of the house. Up the stairs I climbed and knocked at your door. How well do I remember the moment when you opened it, holding a candle in your hand! My dear sister seemed to stand before me. The intervening years receded into the past, and I saw again the dear boy I had loved so tenderly. "My dear child," I said, "I am your aunt, who has come from Paris to seek you."

There is no need to dwell at length upon what followed. I felt as if I had found a daughter; as if God in his great goodness had sent me a child. I made my appearance in

GRATIS.— The People,

CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

LONDON, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1891.

MILFORD LANE, STRAND.—WITH No. 532.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

MY DEAR NIECE.—The subject upon which I am about to write to you is one to which I beg you to give your most earnest attention. Not alone your happiness, but the happiness of a very worthy young gentleman will depend upon your reply.

Let me first establish my claim to a frank and honest avowal from you. That I am your dear lost mother's sister counts for little, I am aware, because of the long estrangement between us, but you will forgive me for reminding you that since you became an orphan I have made some sacrifices for you. My enforced residence in Paris, where old as I am, I have to work hard for a living, has permitted of only a few personal intercourses between us. On three occasions have I enjoyed the pleasure of your society—twice during my visits to London, and once during your visit to Paris, where you came upon my invitation. "It has been a happy holiday," you said to me, as we took our last walk through the streets of Paris, and certainly the days we spent together here form one of my pleasantest memories. My experiences of you can lead me to form a high estimate of your character. I believed you to be a young lady of correct moral principles, of good feelings of a true and sympathetic nature, and I believed also that your views of propriety were just and sensible. In a word, I did not desire to interfere with you; I saw your life brightened by a good man's love; and when, upon the occasion of a subsequent visit to London, I had the good fortune—I regarded it as such—to bring you and young Mr. Spencer together, I said to myself, "If Norah wins this gentleman, her heart's hope will be realised, and she will be the happiest of women."

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KATE DELAUNCEY.
BY
P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

CHAPTER I.
A MISUNDERSTANDING.

It was a stormy day towards the end of the shooting season, and a violent r'eaester was driving the big raindrops against the windows of Middleton Hall, to the intense disappointment of the host and his three guests. They had all met in the great smoking-room—the study as it was still called—though it was not used by the present owner, who, among his associates, was always spoken of as Tom Eldon, and was still Master Tom to the old men on the estate. In the village they called him—as he had called his father and his grandfather—Squire Eldon. The old squire had been an antiquarian and a scholar, but the young one did not take after him in this respect. True, he had left all the shields and coats of mail, the old swords and poleaxes, helmet and spear, bow, arquebus, and fowl hanging on the wall or lying in their appointed places, but the profanity of modern jollies and boxing gloves to medieval glaive and knightly harness, a pipe-rock close to a case of Roman coins, a tobacco jar adjoining an antique horologe, sufficiently proclaimed the tastes of the lusty young bachelor who now owned the broad acres of Middleton. As a man is known by the company he keeps, so it might be gathered from the look of his guests that he was an athlete and a sportsman. There were Lieutenant Williamson and Captain Hay, who had taken the Hires, both from India, and each in his way celebrated for strength and dexterity of arm, and the quarto was made up by that sturdy young sportsman, Carr.

But the jolly company were not in their usual spirits this morning. A gloom, heavier than was caused by the weather, had settled over them. Tom was fencing with Captain Hay, and, somewhat to his surprise, discovered himself to be using his foil as carefully as if it were a blade on which his life depended. He did not know why, but recently he had begun to thoroughly distrust this, the most polite of all his guests. Himself a merry laugh, about the first thing to rouse in him a dislike to the captain was the mirthless character of his smile. As to the others, it evidently cost them some trouble not to transgress the bounds of courtesy. One was reading a journal, the other at a small table writing letters, and both wore that on their faces that made their companions chary of addressing them. Yet Captain Hay seemed to find a mischievous delight in rubbing their noses, whatever these might be.

"You take this game too seriously, Eldon," he said, throwing down his foil. "Why Carr, do you not look as grim as his grandfather could have done when he poked Mortimer out on the heath there?"

"It must have been good to see that fight," remarked Eldon, taking down a sword that had been crossed with another on the wall, and bending the blade till it touched the hilt, from which it rebounded with the twang of a bowstring. "These were the weapons of our forefathers," he said.

"The unconscious blackguard!" cried Elliott. "I have felt sure that this Hay was at heart a canting, hypocritical—"

"Stop! Stop! Do stop!" cried Kate, in agony. "Don't slander the man I am going to marry."

"Marry?" queried he.

"Yes, Tom," said Kate bravely, "though she looked pale as death, I was secretly engaged to him in the London season. Oh, forgive me, my friend, I know neither myself nor him, and it was done so quickly."

"Does your father know?"

"Nobody but you, Tom, and you surprised the secret from me. Captain Hay wanted the engagement kept quiet, and so did I after a while."

He was just going to say, "I wish you joy of your bargain," when something in her look arrested him. "Dear Kate," he said instead, taking her hand and speaking in a voice from which he tried in vain to exclude his own tumultuous feelings, "you won't break your word, I know, but wait before joining your fate to that of a man of whose character we know nothing." Then he hurried away, for he had a presentiment that mischief was brewing among the folk of Middleton Hall.

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CHAPTER II.
THE DUEL.

It was a dull, drizzling morning. The willow by the slow river and the oaks and elms around the plot of pasture land were dripping wet when young Carr arrived at the rendezvous where he was saluted with a courteous "Good morning" from the tall military figure who stood waiting with a couple of swords under his waterproof. He scanned the lieutenant's face keenly, for he had come out with the fixed determination not to fight. The more he reflected the more he had become convinced of the insane folly of the quarrel. So, in a perfectly frank and manly tone, he said to his antagonist, "Don't you think this jest has gone far enough, Williamson? If this meeting were to be known we should be the laughing-stock of all our friends."

"Madman?" questioned the lieutenant, as if putting a query to himself. "Very good. Very good, indeed. But before going further could you not increase my just grounds of anger by calling me fool, liar, coward, or anything equally contemptuous?"

"I call you a silly and jabbering idiot," returned the other impatiently.

"Excellent, excellent," said the lieutenant in the same tone as before; and then, with a sudden change, "And I, sir, ask with which of these swords you stood waiting with a couple of swords under his waterproof. He scanned the lieutenant's face keenly, for he had come out with the fixed determination not to fight. The more he reflected the more he had become convinced of the insane folly of the quarrel. So, in a perfectly frank and manly tone, he said to his antagonist, "Don't you think this jest has gone far enough, Williamson? If this meeting were to be known we should be the laughing-stock of all our friends."

"One of us may be—the survivor," was the grim reply, as the lieutenant carefully, and as if concealing something in its folds, divested himself of his cloak.

"Well, you may kill me if you like," went on Carr, good-naturedly; "but as I have given you no grounds for all this anger, I am not going to be forced into a duel. The day has long gone past for that sort of thing. And if you are under any false impression with regard to Miss Delauncey—"

"I beg pardon for interrupting your conversation, gentlemen, but I am hunting for my tobacco pouch. Ah, here it is," said the smooth insinuating voice of Captain Hay at his elbow, and the two glared at him for a moment, but he looked so pleasant and unconscious they were sure he had not heard the important part of their conversation.

When Tom Eldon, who, of course, had seen nothing of this byplay, had finished his game, he excused himself for being away a couple of hours and getting into a light dozaret, drove to Delauncey Court, where he asked for and immediately saw his old playmate, Miss Delauncey. He and she had grown up together like brother and sister, but a cloud he could not understand had come between them since her last season in London. A cloud that for the first time had made him understand how much he loved her, and yet seemed to increase the distance between them. For a great change had come over that high-spirited and beautiful heiress. Instead of a bright, frank, laughing girl who had become a pale, reserved, and almost melancholy woman, but it was not of his own affair Tom had come to talk.

"Kate," said he, "you and I used to have no secrets, and I want you to make a confession to me. For, quite innocently I am sure, you have been making a lot of mischief."

"What a terrible accusation, Tom," she answered with a spark of her old vivacity, for after she felt in high spirits it was with him. "But consequences too, I tell you as much as I'll tell any body."

"Well, there's Jack Carr," began Tom. "Pooh! you booby," she interrupted him. "Don't you know why he and I are so confidential? Why the man is head over heels in love with my cousin Amy, and he comes and

talks and talks and talks to me about her, and dwells on her exquisite loveliness in a full tip-top and how sweet she looks in white, till really I am proud of the patience with which I act the vicarious sweetheart."

"Then there's Williamson—"

"I forbear to mention the name of that odious, arrogant person. Yes, he is rather my lover if you like. You just fancy the scene. Lieutenant Williamson is in that chair, your servant in this. He strokes that twirly little moustache of his and 'Miss Delauncey,' says he, 'that was an excellent card we had on the combant, was it not?' To this I reply with a demure, 'Yes, and he proceeds with a speech coined by rote I know, 'Dear Catherine, I love you so much that to be the groom who follows your horse, merely to live beside and to be near you, would be happiness, and to be your husband, darling, overpassed my wildest ambition.'"

"That was very pleasant and flattering," said Tom. "I hope you replied suitably."

"Replied! To see the square-shouldered stiff-looking soldier making eyes at me and peaking like a book! I stared at him like an idiot, and then laughed outright. 'That is very nice of you, Kate,' the infatuated man went on. 'You do not yield at the first sieve. Quite right! I draw an inference from your pleased silence, and that, too, is right. This embarrassing to pursue the question further for the present. Let us talk of flowers, my dear, or horses, or rowing, or anything.' As soon as I was grave enough to do so, 'Wait!' said I, 'and let me tell you clearly and succinctly, Lieutenant Williamson, that if all this is meant for a proposal of marriage, I must, with all due thankfulness for the honour, decline it.' Perfectly right and proper," says the lieutenant.

"But I assure you, Miss Delauncey, that without the formal negative, which no doubt you judge necessary for the sake of maidliness and freedom, I should not have considered that you made any engagement not breakable at your own supreme will and pleasure."

"So he went on, till at last I had to say something that once and for all stopped him."

"And what was that?" asked Tom.

"Kate Delauncey's face flushed rose red. 'I told him,' she said, turning her head away, 'before asking any honest English girl to marry him to do something for the poor wretches left at Simla. I was sorry the moment after, for, with pain and shame on his face, he got up quietly, begged my pardon, and left the house, and as it happened Mr. Carr came in at the same moment.'

"Something very like an oath escaped the lips of her healer. 'That account for the whole quarrel,' he exclaimed. 'If Williamson thinks Carr told you that, no wonder that he has quarrelled with him, and yet I never dreamt that Carr would do anything of the kind.'

"It was not he who told me," said Miss Delauncey; "it was Captain Hay, who was shocked, as he expressed it, that a married man should make love to me."

"The unconscionable blackguard!" cried Elliott. "I have felt sure that this Hay was at heart a canting, hypocritical—"

"Stop! Stop! Do stop!" cried Kate, in agony. "Don't slander the man I am going to marry."

"Marry?" queried he.

"Yes, Tom," said Kate bravely, "though she looked pale as death, I was secretly engaged to him in the London season. Oh, forgive me, my friend, I know neither myself nor him, and it was done so quickly."

"Does your father know?"

"Nobody but you, Tom, and you surprised the secret from me. Captain Hay wanted the engagement kept quiet, and so did I after a while."

He was just going to say, "I wish you joy of your bargain," when something in her look arrested him. "Dear Kate," he said instead, taking her hand and speaking in a voice from which he tried in vain to exclude his own tumultuous feelings, "you won't break your word, I know, but wait before joining your fate to that of a man of whose character we know nothing." Then he hurried away, for he had a presentiment that mischief was brewing among the folk of Middleton Hall.

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"Good God!" exclaimed the sufferer.

"How did he come to say I was a married man, and why did Hay so confidently assert that it was your doing?" It was Carr's turn to feel surprised, but the condition of his late antagonist had now become so critical that, forbearing his keen interest and curiosity, he, after an anxious glance round for the surgeon, concentrated his energy in the endeavour to sooth and restrain the wounded man. But his efforts were of no avail. "I have just gone to see you," he said, "and you are a pretty swordsman. But you have no courage to confess to Miss Delauncey that you have told her a base and abominable lie. Never mind. Her truth and your falsehood must come into conflict before you are a fortnight married. When you have ceased to care even for her respect, I dare say you will taunt her with having rejected the love of an honourable man and accepted that of his slanderer."

"And that, then, was the cause of your resentment?" "Oh! why did you not speak sooner?" cried the other sorrowfully. "It is from beginning to end a gross misunderstanding. I am all but engaged to Kat's cousin, and no rival of yours. And if I have been your rival and bound enough to slander you, I know of no evil to you."

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quarrel with her did she but smile when the postman handed her a letter, or if she made pleasant response to the milkman's "Good morning."

How could she love or even respect such a man? Was it to be much wondered at if occasionally she was provoked to declare that she wished, with all her heart, he had never seen her, and that she was far happier in the old time when she had to work hard for a living? "Then go back to where you came from and work hard again," Mr. Katzclaus would roar furiously. And then she would commence "packing" for the purpose, and then the old man, sore afraid to let her go, would beg her to forgive him, and she would do so, and peace would prevail for as long as a couple of days perhaps, when war would be proclaimed again. It was no more surprising that Daisy was unable to preserve the sweetness of temper that was natural to her than that her husband should declare that he cursed the hour when he was fool enough to thrust his head into a matrimonial noose. Probably, it was constantly worrying and fretting and fuming that prematurely impaired his constitution and at length laid him on a bed of sickness.

But his insane jealousy did not abate, on that account, it increased rather. He did not altogether hate his wife. He would have been much easier in his mind had it been so. For days together, when she had given him offence, he would try and make himself believe that now he detested her, completely and thoroughly, and that, as regarded the disposal of his wealth, he would be quite justified in leaving her not a single shilling.

But then something would occur to him that changed his mood, and he would remember how pretty and graceful and patient she was when they first were wed, and how different it might have been between them had he been some thirty years younger, and his pity for her, would, in his weak condition, move him to tears. It would be, indeed, a vile shame to leave her destitute.

But then again, what would she do with his money if he left it all to her? What indeed! Why, just what in secret she had looked forward to doing, when she said "Yes" in the old parlour at her mother's house, when he was such an infatuated idiot as to go down on his knees and implore her to say it. She would, of course, marry again and would lead a life of pleasure, and make merry with the thousands he had scraped together with so much toil and self-denial. His mind dwelt on this night and day, and the more when he was made to understand that his illness was one he could not recover from. And, becoming possibly a bit crazy, he lived for his youthful wife changed at last to bitterest dislike, and he yearned for a means of baulking any designs she might be harbouring for an abbreviated widowhood and a blissful future.

His man, Job Prodder, used to come every morning for orders for the day and to read the newspaper to him for an hour. It was after one of these last-mentioned performances, that, one day—he was fast failing now—old Mr. Katzclaus became strangely cheerful and resigned to his fate. For a week and more he had refused to see his wife, or to admit her to his bed-room, but now he sent for her, and expended his shortening breath in chatting with her quite kindly. She was touched at this, and commenced to weep.

"Oh, don't cry, my dear," he remarked smilingly, "you will be far happier when I am gone."

"Oh, no, no. Pray do not talk so cruelly."

"But you will, my love. I have made such provision for you that it will be quite your own fault if you are not the happiest woman alive."

And then, with an effort, he turned his face to the wall. The nurse caught sight of it while he was in the act of doing so, and she afterwards declared that a more diabolical grin



than that which it bore at the moment never distorted a human countenance. But as a very short time afterwards it was discovered that he was dead, she tried to persuade herself that it was due to a spasm of mortal agony.

But the true signification of old Katzclaus' final facial distortion was soon made manifest. His wife knew where his will ought to have been, but there it was not, and after considerable search it was found between the mattress and the bed he had died on, and wrapped in a newspaper. And when the latter was opened they saw that part of a certain column had been marked round with a blue pencil, and above it was written, evidently by Mr. Katzclaus' own hand, the word sentence:

"First real this."

It was a police court case, and ran as follows:—"Rufus Griffin, a youngish-looking man of slender build, but most determined, not to say brutal, expression of countenance, was brought up to answer a charge of violently assaulting his deceased wife's mother. It appeared that, owing to his overbearing temper, his married life had not been a happy one. Indeed, so frequent and serious were the quarrels between them that the lady who on the present occasion figured as prosecutor thought it her duty to take lodgings in the same house for her daughter's protection. This arrangement, however, does not seem to have improved matters, for shortly afterwards a more serious row than ever before took place between husband and wife, the head of the former being seriously hurt with a poker used in her defence by the unfortunate woman, whose excitement was so great that she was seized with a fit from which she never recovered. Ever since the deceased woman's mother and son have not been on friendly terms. On Monday evening, returning home and finding the lady in question in his apartments, he angrily demanded what she did there, and on her civilly replying that she had come for certain articles her daughter had made her a present of during her lifetime, and that she did not intend to quit the place without them, the prisoner seized her passionately by the shoulders, and in his brutal endeavours to force her from the room her dress was torn and her ankle badly sprained.

The worthy magistrate, after stigmatising the assault as one of the worst that had ever come under his notice, warned Griffin that unless he learnt to control his violent temper he would probably end his life on the gallows, and sentenced him to six weeks' hard labour.

Then they turned to the will, which was witnessed by Job Prodder and another, and had been executed scarcely a week previously.

By virtue of the instrument in question Mr. Silas Katzclaus gave and bequeathed the bulk of his wealth to the Asylum for British and Foreign Incurables, excepting so much of it, as duly invested, would provide his dear wife Daisy with an annuity of five hundred pounds per annum—contingent on the proviso that, within twelve months of the said Silas Katzclaus' decease, she legally married one Rufus Griffin, a widower, to be identified by his being the same person who on the 13th of June, 1888, appeared before the magistrate at Police Court, charged with assaulting his deceased wife's mother, and for which offence he was sentenced to six weeks' hard labour. The said annuity to be continued as long as the said Daisy Katzclaus, having become the wife of Rufus Griffin, dealt with him under the same roof, ate at the same table, and comport herself towards him in all things as a dutiful wife should. In the event of the said Daisy Katzclaus objecting to or failing in all or any of these terms, then she should forfeit all benefit under the will, and the whole of the available property of the late Silas Katzclaus was to go to the hospital bequeathed.

"Of course it is," chimed in her mother, coming most opportunely to her assistance. "I rather like the appearance of the young man myself. And after all that Mr. Weaver has been so kind as to find out about him, Daisy, and his being able to answer for him that he is quite respectable, we might, at all events, let him the apartment if he is willing to take them."

There was a twinkle in the grey eyes of Mr. Weaver as he took a pinch of snuff and shut his snuff-box tightly.

"That is exactly what I should have advised myself," he remarked, smilingly. "I will go and tell him what you say, and I will give you a call again in about a week's time. Mrs. K., when perhaps you will be better able to tell me what you think of him. And if the verdict should be in his favour we will then let him into the secret."

And was that the dreadful old fellow grinned when he turned his face to the wall.

The first idea was that the will exhibited so much of malice, run mad it might be regarded as the performance of a lunatic, and on that ground set aside; but eminent legal opinion being sought on the matter, it was given in favour of the validity of the will, by the terms of which the unfortunate young widow must abide. Daisy's prompt decision was that she would return to her mother's house and resume the means of living she had followed before she became unhappy Mrs. Katzclaus. It was not for a moment to be thought of that she could submit "brag" to the humiliation, the degradation, the lancer of offering herself to a wife-beating ruffian who had been solemnly warned by a magistrate that unless he amended his ways he would probably make acquaintance with the common hangman. Better far a crust of bread and a cotton gown than five hundred a year and share it in company with a ferocious rascal who had sacrificed the life of his poor wife to his brutality.

And so this story might have concluded unless it had been deemed worth while to still further follow the fortunes of Mr. Katzclaus' unhappy victim, and show how, in her case, the bare satisfaction of virtue its own reward was all that Daisy got by declining to accept of the gilded misery her wicked late husband, by his preposterous will, would have forced on her. Good luck did not attend her in her praiseworthy resolve to return to her humdrum life and work for her bread. The employment to which she and her mother were used grew more and more precarious. Three months had elapsed since her husband's death, and Christmas was again in the near distance.

Two years ago, by her brave act of sacrifice, Daisy had averted the threatening peril of Christmas Day in the warehouse for the Mead family, and by a wraft of magic wand in shape of "Yes" to Mr. Katzclaus' momentous question turned gathering darkness into all that was bright and pleasant. She little thought how again poverty might visit the old home. It was there again, however—not perhaps, in such grim aspect that had Brisket, the butcher, been apprised that he would have pronounced the prospect as "unroy" as on a previous occasion. "But its pinch had already made itself felt. It may, indeed, be said that its iron fingers were feeling their way for a crushing grip, when again the "good fairy" appeared—not in shape of a love-lorn swain of sixty-three, but in that of the sympathetic and fatherly lawyer to whom Daisy had applied for advice when first the difficulty of the abominable will presented itself. It had occurred to him that, as regarded the Mr. Rufus Griffin mentioned therein, there was the bare possibility of that masterfully denominated individual not being altogether the ruffian the police report had made him out to be, and that, at all events, a little time might be well spent in making a few quiet and judicious inquiries, and with the following result:

One evening Mr. Weaver (the solicitor) made an unexpected appearance at the Widow Mead's abode in company with a young man of genteel appearance, though somewhat careworn and nervous-looking. This was no other than the ruffian designed by Mr. Katzclaus to rule her with a rod of iron and subdue and enslave her of all inclination for frivility and flightiness. Having been introduced to young Mrs. Katzclaus, he was requested to retire while the lawyer formally made known to her the evidence he had taken himself, without her sanction or permission, to get together.

It was quite true Mr. Weaver was able to report that this Rufus Griffin had led a most unhappy life with his late wife. But it had likewise been shown to his satisfaction that the young woman in question—a Miss McCauger, of Scotch parentage—was a person of fiery temperament, and physically capable of holding her own in a domestic brawl. A stalwart maiden, with red hair, and liberally endowed in bone and muscle, Mr. Griffin, at that time a peaceful clerk in a merchant's office, had met with her while taking a month's holiday in Scotland, and fallen so completely in love with her that nothing would content him but an immediate marriage.

Almost from the wedding day his troubles commenced. His bride would not accompany him to London unless she brought her mamma with her, the latter being a "lone woman" of her daughter's own stamp in every particular, only, of course, more matured. Between them they made his life a misery. As to his alleged propensity for habitually assaulting his wife, the exact reverse was the fact. Taking advantage of her superior strength (she topped him in height by three inches), when in a passion—which was whenever she was crossed or contradicted—she flew at him in the most alarming way, and, generally speaking, was aided and abetted by her mother, who resided in the same house.

The last melancholy occasion of the ill-assorted pair disagreeing, she had worked her self to a pitch of fury because her husband demurred to settle the account of a local publican for several bottles of Scotch whisky he had never ordered, and heard of them then for the first time. To his angry remonstrance young Mrs. Griffin replied with the poker, and being probably at the time under the influence of the last bottle of unpaid for "mountain dew" fell down in a fit from which she never recovered.

"As for the grossly exaggerated account of the young man's assault on his mother-in-law, and for which he was sent to prison by a notoriously crotchety magistrate," Mr. Weaver said in conclusion, "after what I have told you, you can use your own judgment, but is justice to Mr. Griffin I must add that his employers, with whom he has been since he was a boy, had no hesitation in taking him back again, and that on the very day of his release. As I need not say, he has not the remotest idea of why I have brought him here, and he need never know if such is your release. I have made his acquaintance sufficiently to be able to recommend him to a family where he could be comfortably accom-

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.) ONE OF NORWAY'S MARVELS.

The land of the mountain and the fiord, the cataract and the fos, is known as the land of marvels. Those who have not climbed its rugged, inhospitable heights, or sailed its sinuous, gleaming waterways, crossed its perilous glaciers, or penetrated to its inland lakes and valleys, yet know as a matter of common knowledge of its midnight sun, its endless pine forests, its flashing northern lights, and the hoary antiquity that attracts the tourist from all parts of the globe. It would be difficult to name any other country in which there is so much that is absolutely unique in Norway, and if there is one thing more perfectly unique than any other it is Borgund Church, of which we give an illustration. Here we have an old

boat. The lower roof is peculiar, forming an arched running round the church. All around the exterior is a roughly-made stone wall, similar to those with which we are familiar in Derbyshire. Considering the perishable material of which it is made throughout, it is marvellous it should have lasted so long. No such building could have existed the same length of time in this country; but, instead of the humid atmosphere we have here, that of Norway is dry.

Again, again, the Norwegian red pine, of which it was made, is as free from sap and tared outside. Viewed from a little distance, it is impressed by the diminutive appearance of the building and o'er entering the impression of smallness is intensified, for the nave is only 27 ft. in length, 18 ft. in breadth, and the total height the building is open to the roof—is 32 ft. Added to these measurements, the chancel is 11 ft. in length and breadth, and 26 ft. in height. There is no gallery, and the total accommodation provided is at the most for 200 worshippers. For these originally fixed seats were provided. This was in the days of Roman Catholicism; but after the Reformation the service became "Lutheran Evangelic," and movable benches came into use. The service, it need hardly be said, were, during this latter period, quite devoid of anything in the way of elaborate ritual, there being, in fact, nothing in either church or service to appeal to the sensuous side of human nature. The interior too, must even have been dark, gloomy, and forbidding, as bald and unattractive as the most primitive rural chapels in England or Wales. But the Norwegians were always simple-minded and devout, little satisfying them in the way of form and ceremony. Indeed, so scattered are the populations, and so few and far between the churches that the services would, as a rule, only be held once every two or three weeks, with the result that the buildings would be crowded, and the ordinary service followed by a curious medley of weddings, funerals, and baptisms, the priest—a rare visitor—having to clear off all arrears.

world structure of singular interest. In all its original quaintness of design, saved from the desecrating touch of the restorer, it stands now much the same as it did before King John signed the Magna Charta. The centuries that have passed since that historic event have hardly left one stone upon another in our own country. Yet here is a building, composed entirely of wood, which has withstood the moulderings influences of time in a way that is almost miraculous. Little wonder, indeed, that it should be termed "one of Norway's marvels," and that its fame should be world-wide.

At this season of the year it may be especially appropriate to give some details of what may safely be regarded as the oldest religious edifice in the world. Others have records which go further back into history, but for the most part they have been so restored and rebuilt that little remains of the original structure. In no respect can this be said of Borgund Church. As it was built, so it remains, with its six tiers of shingle-covered roof, the top-most surmounted by a clock-stapel, or belfry; its curious lych-gate; its dark and almost shadowy interior, open to the top of the highest roof. With its sunken situation and fantastic appearance, it looks almost like a freak on the part of the builder. Yet it is a style of building that was common at the time it was erected; and another notable example remains in the Hitterlands-kirke. This latter, however, has been so thoroughly restored that it has lost its original interest. It is satisfactory to know that the Borgund edifice will be spared from a similar fate. It has passed into the hands of the Antiquarian Society of Christiania, and, services having been discontinued in it for some years, it is now maintained solely as a specimen of ancient architecture and a curious relic of antiquity.

It is a charming journey to Borgund, and the church itself is quite romantically situated. The west of Norway is celebrated for its firths, and it is by one of the most interesting of these that you arrive at your destination. Bergen is first reached by steamer from England, and that attractive port is noted for the beauty of its surroundings. From there to Lærdal the scene is one ever-changing panorama, rich in variety and strong in contrast. You get a glimpse of the grand Folgefond glacier, covering hundreds of square miles of ice and snow, and then you traverse the island-studded Hardanger fjord, shut in by lofty mountains, affording a succession of marvellous views and vistas of surpassing loveliness. On every hand is something quaint and wonderful, and the people in their curious costumes add an animating interest to the scene. The women especially, in their bright bodices, white sleeves, and singular head-gear—as depicted below—excite the attention of the visitor.

The Clergyman, of course, much more sombre, but the Elizabethan frill gives him a singular appearance, worn as it is, above the long loose fitting black cassock. The friends that flock to the ceremony are also brilliantly attired. There is much scrapping of fiddles and shrill performances on the fife, much boisterous mirth, and still more feasting. Indeed, the festivities generally last two or three days, and the bride throughout wears her bridal dress. In many parts of the country the wedding party have to travel by boat; and when that is the case the boats are gaily decorated and the inevitable fiddlers take up their position in the prow. In any case, the wedding is a matter of the greatest gaiety, and the curious old church of Borgund must have seen many many generations of happy couples filing in and out of its famous porch.

On the west door are two curious Runic inscriptions, and one can still make out the words. "Thoror wrote these lines on St. Olaf's Fair." There is nothing to show who the particular Thoror was who carved his name in the woodwork; but Olaf the Saint has a particular interest to Londoners as well as to Norwegians, since when Svein, King of England, died, he helped Ethelred to gain back his crown. It was during Lent in the year 1014 that Ethelred's fleet carried him back to his native soil, and a great battle was fought. The Danes had raised a great earthwork where the populous district of Southwark now stands, and it was captured by Olaf. Olaf's exploits in this battle are set forth in the Sagas; and thus it is seen, how by the mere fact of a name carved in a door, a bond of interest is set up between Londoners and the far-away church.

The church is an oblong building, with four gabled projections from each of the sides, giving it a cruciform shape, the projection over the front side being greater than over the others, so as to extend the aisle. As will be seen from the picture of the exterior, the main body of the building is formed of three roofs, rising one above the other in the centre, to correspond to what in an ordinary English church is a tower or belfry. The apex of each portion of the roof or gable is ornamented by a carved cross, or carved terminal of oak, which re-

minds one of the prows of the old Norse boats. The lower roof is peculiar, forming an arched running round the church. All around the exterior is a roughly-made stone wall, similar to those with which we are familiar in Derbyshire. Considering the perishable material of which it is made throughout, it is marvellous it should have lasted so long. No such building could have existed the same length of time in this country; but, instead of the humid atmosphere we have here, that of Norway is dry.

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THE PEOPLE, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1891.

CHRISTMAS PIE:

tain hour. My informant urged me, as only chance of escape, to marry a foreigner, if possible, a Frenchman domiciled in Paris. He explained that the English Naturalization Law and the French Civil Code both enacted that a woman marrying a Frenchman became French through the sole fact of her marriage. Therefore, when I married I should immediately become a French subject, and as mine would be a pre-nuptial political offence, I could claim the protection of the Republic and thus delay my arrest. Marriage was the only means by which to avoid the terrible scandal and gain time for escape. I was in desperation, and had resolved to take my own life rather than be the cause of my family's disgrace."

"You contemplated suicide? Impossible!"

"Yes. It was then that, with my fiancée, Hugh, I concocted a plot by which I could extricate myself. My father, who was in the diplomatic service, had gone to Berlin, and my mother, stricken by a recent grief, kept our room. When we had completed our arrangements I went forth to seek some one to aid me, and met you."

"This Hugh, was he your messenger?" I inquired.

"Yes. I obtained a special marriage license, and by arrangement with the registrar, a friend of Hugh's, we planned that the marriage should be performed at the time the arrest was to take place. The scene was enacted without a hitch; you came to our house at Prince's Gate with but little persuasion, and the detectives arrived just as the formula was ended. When the officers were shown the documents and the register which you and I had signed, they were nonplussed. They retired to consult with their chief, not knowing how to act; but in the meantime another event occurred which successfully frustrated them. I died; and thus the scandal was averted."

"You died? What do you mean?"

"I lost my personality. You see we were compelled to practice a ruse upon you, for your own sake. You and I were not legally married."

"Not married?" I repeated.

"No. You were wedded to my half-sister, Edith, who was about two years older than I, and who had died of consumption on the previous day. She was taller than I, and when we were dressed alike and seated it puzzled most people to distinguish between us."

"Your half-sister?" I gasped.

"Then my marriage was a mock one, after all?"

"Of course it was," she replied laughing. "How could you marry a dead body? Fortunately," she added, "the detectives did not approach the bride very closely, and the room was only illuminated by candles. The officers were informed by the servants that I was very ill—which accounted for my reclining during the ceremony—and on the following day news was given forth that I was dead. Hence my tomb in Brompton Cemetery, while the wreath with your card upon it serves to maintain the deception. I have taken my dead sister's name, and she has mine."

"But why did you not explain all this before?" I asked, amazed at the almost incredible story.

"I lost your address, and since the day following your marriage I have been living in seclusion in a little village in Belgium, whither Hugh followed and married me. We seldom come to London; it is too great a risk. By mere chance I recognized you this afternoon in Earl's Court-road and followed you in order to obtain forgiveness. Will you grant it?" she asked, with a winning smile.

DISGUSTED.

Gruff Farmer (at box-office of theatre): When does this play-actin' begin?—Box-office Clerk: At eight in the evening, sir.—Gruff Farmer: Well, give me a ticket.—Box-office Clerk: Have an orchestra stall, sir!—Gruff Farmer: What! I ain't goin' to drive my horse in.

WHY THEY FAIL.

I understand, Mr. Amateur Pluvius, that your rammaking exhibitions have failed."

A mistake, sir, they have simply, like many other exhibitions, been postponed on account of the weather."

THEM MISSES.

Housekeeper: How long did you remain in your last place?

Applicant: Sure, I left in wan day. There was no plazin' the ledgy at all.

Whimical, was she?

Inclade she was that. The first night she complained because I boiled the tay, an' th' very next morning she complained because I did not boil the coffee. Thin I left.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

Farmer Jan was walking sadly down the road one day in Holstein when the village pastor met him.

"Why so sad, Farmer Jan?" said the pastor.

"Ah, I have a very sad errand," he said.

"What is it?"

"Father Henrik's cow is dead in my pasture, and I am on my way to tell him."

A hard task, Jan.

"Indeed, it is, pastor, but I shall break it to him gently."

"How will you do that?"

"I shall tell him first that it is his mother who is dead, and then, having opened the way for the sadder news still, I shall tell him it is not his mother, but the cow."

WATER FATAL.

I trust, Robert, as you grow up you'll show yourself on the side of morality.

Why, aunt, water's killed more folks' n' liquor ever thought of doing.

I'm ashamed of you, Robert! Can you think of one instance in which water has caused death?

Well, what's the matter with the flood?

AN INQUIRING MIND.

"Who's that lady dressed in black, mamma?" asked Bobby.

That's a sister of charity, my boy.

Bobby (after thinking a minute): Which sister? Faith or Hope.

NOT QUITE SURE.

CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

Confidential friend (to elderly but not unattractive spaniel): So you have given up advocating women's rights?

Yes, I am now going in for women's rights.

Women's lefts?

Yes—widowers!

TO BE CONTINUED.

"What are you crying about?" asked a kindly-faced gentleman to a street urchin. "You must be very poor to wear such shoes as those the weather. Have you a father?"

Well, I should say I have.

What kind of a face should an aneone have?—One that is forbidding.

What was Joan of Arc made of?—

Maid of Orleans.

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Instinct: A cat having lost her kittens followed a kitten pie man.

TITLED PRAYERS.

In a country parish the wife of the lord of the manor was to be churched.

The parson, aiming to be courtly, and flunking plain "woman" too vulgar,

instead of saying "Oh, Lord! save this woman," said, "Oh, Lord! save this lady."

The clerk, resolving not to be outdone in politeness, answered, "Who putteth her ladyship's trust in thee?"

SHE KNEW.

Hello, Brown! I hear you have a new typewriter. Is she good-looking?

Good-looking. Man alive! No!

My wife selected her.

Why, how was that?

We'll see, she was a typewriter before I married her.

NURSERY RHYME.

Fall in love with a pastry cuque,

And she said, with a smile,

His heart I'll beguile.

SO SHY.

A clergyman called on a poor

parishioner, whom he found bitterly

lamenting the loss of an only son,

a boy of 4 or 5. In the hope of consoling

the afflicted woman, he remarked to

her that one so young could not have

committed any grievous sin, and that

no doubt the boy had gone to heaven

"Ah, sir," said the simple-minded

creature, "but Tommy was so shy

and they are all strangers there."

WOULD NOT HAVE TO PAY THE BILL.

Smith: Sometimes I'd just about as lieve do not. It would save a lot of worry; and I should never be bothered with bills from the grocer, the butcher, or coal dealer.

Brown: Especially the coal dealer.

QUITE FORGOT THAT.

Mr. Brown: A nice fool you made of

yourself.

Mrs. Jason: How?

Why, telling Mrs. Robinson that her baby looked good enough to eat.

Well, what ham was there in that?

Oh, nothing, except that they start

as missionaries in the Cannibal Islands next week.

THE HIGHEST ENJOYMENT.

"Why do you not eat your apple, Tommy?"

"I'm waitin' till Bridget comes along. Apples taste lots better when there's some other kid to watch you eat 'em."

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(ALL STARS REMOVED.)

A WOMAN IN WANT.

BY JOHN C. CHUTE.

The noise, the bustle, and the whirl were great on this spring evening.

Argyle-street, Glasgow, to my remembrance, never seemed so thronged and difficult of passage as on the night when I struggled by the big human current surging in various directions through the main artery of the great Scotch city.

I was dexterously evading cabs, dodging carts, and discreetly disregarding the importunities of the clamorous newsboys, as the woman passed me.

Was it the troubled expression of face—the rapid, anxious, restless eye—which seemed to



devote with hungry eagerness each countenance it met; or the neat but respectful admittance of conscious poverty her apparel and manner conveyed; or all these, that arrested my attention?

I was a sucker by the woman's appearance, and looked after her.

Something in my manner must have excited her attention, for she stopped also, and our eyes met.

What beautifully brilliant orbs Nature had given her! What volumes of expression seemed unconsciously to gush from them as they timidly encountered my gaze. I felt irresistibly drawn to the woman as by a magnet, and must have shown my admiration, for, with a momentary flush and slightly confused manner, she turned and slowly conducted her course down the street.

"That woman is in want," I said; "possibly not without a meal or the price of a bed to-night."

"Every great city supplies a contingent of respectable, decent want, and this poor wif may be Glasgow's instalment to the world's sum of human misery." As I thought thus, I stood musingly looking after her fast receding figure.

Whilst mentally debating the woman's position, I was recalled by frequent concussions to the fact that I was impeding the crowded pathway; so, partly in self-defence, and partly from strongly aroused curiosity, I followed her footsteps.

I shortly came up to her, leaning, apparently for support, against the closed shutters of one of the handsome shops that give so distinct a character to the neighbourhood.

The street lamp defined accurately her spare figure and scanty wardrobe, and by its rays I guessed her to be about 24 years of age.

Her face, by no means handsome, had that inexpressible charm which subdued suffering imparts to woman, and was lit up by the lustrous eyes that flashed appealingly to the numerous faces that indifferently hurried onwards.

Being satisfied the woman was not a vulgar beggar, if in want, I awkwardly approached, and in a brusque but embarrassed manner, commenced interrogating her.

At first my Anglo-Saxon ear failed to grasp her replies, but I discovered she was intensely Scotch, and often confusingly so.

Her story, when understood, was neither new nor inspiring.

"She was alone in Glasgow, without a friend, or even bread."

"Yes, she had a lodger, but was afraid to return to it?"

"Why? The rent was overdue, and the lodger hard and grasping. She came out to avoid being dunned and insulted."

"Had been looking fruitlessly for work—was out daily."

"What was her trade? A weaver."

"Dumfries was her home when she had one, but she had disgraced good religious parents, and left it with her shame."

"No, she did not leave alone, but her lover, as soon as the trouble came, deserted her."

"Thank God the child was dead." She gave a suppressed sob that seemed to die in her throat, and then added with a timid glance.

"All she wanted was work. Would I help her to it?"

This was her story. I informed her, being a stranger, I could not help her to work, but if she had told me the truth I could enable her to face her harsh lodger with her rent.

This promise brought from her hurried and voluble protestations of veracity.

"Would I save her from walking the streets all night? A few shillings would do it," she added, with something like pride. "I must refuse them if you don't choose to believe my story."

Reading hesitation in my face, she hastily added, "Would I judge for myself? Her lodger was only on the other side the Trongate. Would I cross the road and see?"

Her strong and earnest appeal had apparently succeeded, and the responsible and public position of the lodging removed, all silenced the scruples prudently at first suggested, and, nodding consent, I followed her across the crowded thoroughfare, and we proceeded down the busy Trongate.

Our route lay through the crowded public street, lit by numerous lamps, and rendered difficult of access by the incessant flow of passengers and public vehicles, until we reached the statue of William III.

My guide then abruptly turned down an archway on the left, which led into a broad paved court, forming, as I vainly imagined, the back premises of the magnificent shops of the main thoroughfare.

A solitary lamp at the lower end of this court revealed a long row of substantially-built houses, handsomely constructed on the Scotch system of "flats," and my conductress passed down and stopped at a door at the lower end of the range of buildings.

Not a soul was about, and the silence of the court struck me after the noise and bustle of the adjoining street.

A solitude so marked instantly impressed me.

This feeling was increased on my arrival at the door by finding the staircase in total darkness.

The sudden gloom impressed, nay, almost startled me, and I hung back.

My hesitation was noticed by the woman, who instantly explained, "that the wind must have extinguished the stair lamp, but

that she would easily guide me, the steps were so broad and regular."

With an assuring manner, she extended her hand to conduct me.

Ashamed of showing any uneasiness in the presence of a woman so weak and dependent, I took her proffered hand and we proceeded to mount the stairs.

The darkness was so intense that our progress was slow, but I soon discovered that it was the usual stone staircase of Scotch houses; yet was not more assured when I learned that our destination was the top storey.

The darkness seemed to increase as we ascended; and the indiscretion of thus venturing into unknown places at night, with an entire stranger, unpleasantly occurred to me as we groped with difficulty our way along.

An open door, a blazing fire, and a bright light greeted us on arrival at the top landing, and a short narrow corridor conducted us into a clean and comfortable kitchen, lit by an oil lamp placed before a tin reflector, by the light of which an elderly woman of benevolent aspect was reading near the fire. The book was *The Bible*.

The old lady closed her book, jumped up, and offered me her seat, as my distressed guide ran forward and addressed her as "Granny," stating, "She had brought a gentleman to see her."

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